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THE SPHERE, APRIL 30, 1932
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# The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1684 APRIL 30, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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BY S.S. VIENNA

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 30, 1932

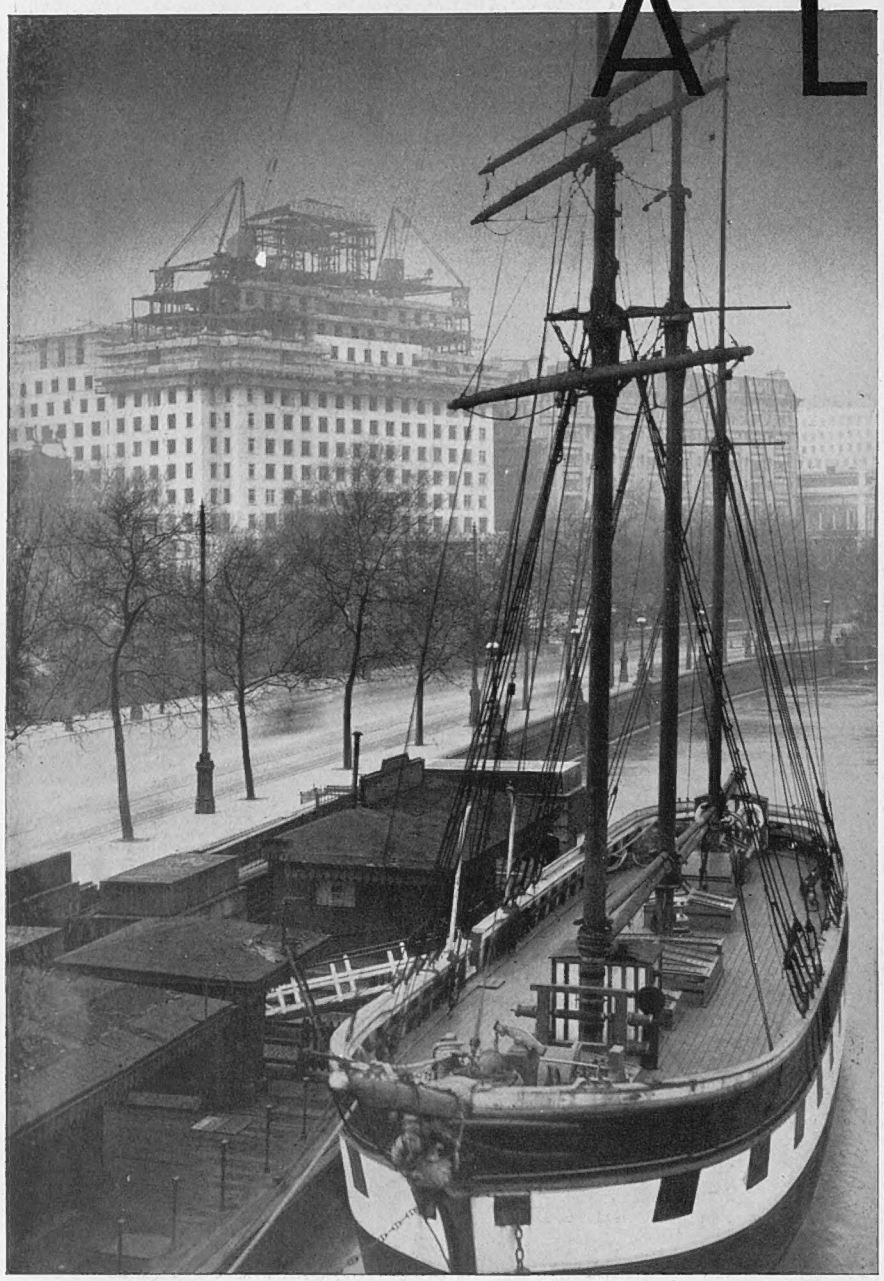
# THE OPENING OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD

The Prince of Wales and Miss Elisabeth Scott, the designer of the new Memorial Theatre, on the inaugural day

In the presence of numerous distinguished figures of diplomacy, political life, and the stage, and to the fanfaronade of an ode by the Laureate, delivered by Lady Keeble (Miss Lillah McCarthy), the new Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was opened with a golden key by the Prince of Wales last Saturday. The old town was gay with flags, and the traditional ceremonies associated with Shakespeare's birthday—maypole-dancing in costume and the like—were in full swing, recalling the days when Queen Elizabeth visited the plays of the Master Bard of the World. A performance of *King Henry IV*, Part One, was presented by the Shakespeare Festival Company.

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

# A London New



LONDON, ANCIENT AND MODERN: The City of Contrasts provides many anachronisms of poignance, epitomized in this picture which shows the colossal gleaming white pile of the new Shell-Mex building rising on the Embankment behind Cleopatra's Needle while the sailing-ship *Friendship* in the foreground strikes not only a note of antiquity but at once symbolizes London as a world port and recalls the maritime history of our race

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 27, 1932.

**"GUTTERSNIPES."** — Roscommon is fortunate in the possession of a member of the Dail who reveals a common sense and a sense of humour and values which are rarely found to-day in the Free State. Mr. McDermott's words to the Dail apropos "The Constitution Removal of Oath Bill, 1932," blew a breath of keen, fresh air across the stuffy, fœtid atmosphere of decay and national egotism. He said: "We are an ancient nation. Let us not behave like guttersnipes. Let us think rather of our opportunities than of our rights. The lunatic asylums and the bankruptcy courts are the destinations of individuals who brood too much over their rights." Here is golden sense. The asylums of Europe are filled with middle-aged spinsters and others who have had too much time for brooding over their rights and imagined slights and, in the case of nations, it is more often the very new ones who are morbidly suspicious of slights. Old Ireland, with its glorious past, is no exception to the rule and appears to-day exceptionally ridiculous.

. . . .

Surely Mr. McDermott must have felt (with that national poet of Ireland, Tom Moore):

"like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Departed to the Bedlam which gapes for those who brood over imagined slights. Departed like the green garlands and the starry lights of storied and glorious old Ireland, given over now to cranks and egotists and "little men grown mean and wise" and infinitely concerned with their dignity.

**THE ISSUE IN GENEVA.**— The vital issue is now joined in Geneva. In two words, the position from the viewpoint of British representatives on the spot is as follows. On the one side there are the Anglo-American proposals for qualitative disarmament; on the other, the French theory (rather than concrete proposal) of a super-State. Doubtful as the issue must be, it is quite certain that under no circumstances will the British delegation agree even in theory with the French conception of such a "super-State" creation with the mass of ill-defined, unlimited, and impracticable obligations which it would involve. There is a long battle, and I fear a bitter battle ahead, and it is quite inevitable that the opponents of either plan will be condemned as narrow-minded, provincial, short-sighted, selfish, and suspicious. I, for one, am as puzzled by the issue before the Conference as by the issue of the Conference.

**A LONG ROW.** — As I remarked last week, budgets nowadays are in the nature of interim statements, and it becomes more and more clear that the results of the Lausanne Conference may materially alter the year's national financial arrangements. That wave of optimism which seized the whole Press two months ago was as mysterious as it was unfortunate. The petrol which keeps us on the move nowadays in nothing more substantial than hope, the "spirit" of optimism, and it is impossible to deny that (through no fault of his own), Mr. Chamberlain last week knocked out the bung which held our vital supplies of fuel. It was the dullest budget ever, coming as a crushing wet blanket on flickering hopes. But I look confidently to one concession at once—a rebate for beer brewed with British barley and hops. On that very account, it was one of the most courageous. Our reward for our virtue is for some time to come to be "more pats than ha'pence." In very truth, it's a long row we have set out to hoe, and the field won't look pretty till those countless parallel rows begin to be cleared of weeds.

**AND THE MORAL IS.**— Edgar Wallace was, for a decade, held up to the envious world as a business genius in (so-called) literature who could produce best-sellers on scientific lines as Ford produced roadsters. His annual income, exuberantly estimated at £80,000 a year, worked out, on my simple mathematical scheme, as at least £20,000 per annum. He left apparently a fortune of *minus* £62,000. Light come, light go. This is the way of artists. Well, well.

. . . .

A few weeks ago Wakefield gave to a National Conservative a 4,000 majority over a Socialist. To-day a Socialist has won the seat from National Conservatism. Why? The inevitable reaction which sets nowadays from the very day on which a victorious new Cabinet is announced. Everybody realizes this extraordinary phenomenon except the politicians in power. What is it turns the tide? Why, any adroit reference to the people's pocket. Mr. Greenwood had time before the poll to say in effect: "The new Budget is a deliberate attempt to grind the faces of the poor that the rich may have delicate bread." And did the masses believe him? Why, yes, certainly.

. . . .

Even Homer nods. Government draughtsmen and law officers have rendered fourteen Presidents of the Board of Trade liable to fines of several hundred thousand pounds in the aggregate for daring to take part in the proceedings of the House. In my view the punishment fits the crime, and the law should have taken its course. Whenever you and I make ourselves liable to a legal penalty, we are non-suited with the tag that "Every citizen is presumed to know the law." Let it never be said that in England (my England) there is one law for the rich and another for the poor! Why this invidious distinction in favour of Right Honourable Gentlemen?

**STATESMEN-AUTHORS.**— It is stimulating to see the name of Mussolini on the play bills of London Theatre-land. Of statesmen-authors we have always had plenty of examples, in respect of serious works of a literary, philosophic, or biographical nature. Winston Churchill and Rosebery at once suggest themselves. But statesmen-novelists are very rare, and statesmen-dramatists unique, for one cannot count Sheridan in the category of "statesmen." Therefore we must parallel Mussolini's play with Disraeli's *Endymion*, the novel which he published in 1880 at the height of his fame, though just thrown out into the political wilderness. It was in its way a very good novel, and Mussolini's play is a very neat and restrained and accurate historical stage presentation. Many a versatile genius who succeeded greatly in public life would have exchanged all his political laurels for success in some minor field of art. Perhaps Mussolini? Paderewski, on the other hand, supreme in his art, made sheep's eyes at public life, and did not succeed so well (how could he?) in the wider sphere.

**LOCKING PARKED CARS.** —It is a heartening thought that in the end (but it's a long tunnel) common sense triumphs over officialdom. And I do not altogether condemn officialdom. The apparent obtuseness of officialdom is in great measure due to the fact that it is forever legislating for public selfishness, carelessness, incompetence, and caddishness. If you and I were the only pebbles on the beach there would never have been that monstrous regulation against our locking up our parked cars. You and I are recognised as *homines sapientes*. Officialdom knows that we shall leave our cars in the parking place, steered into the exact position which will give least trouble to janitor and to our neighbours. But officialdom knew that 90 per cent. of car owners would feel quite sure that nobody but themselves mattered and would dump their cars across the space designed for three. Hence these thefts, these complaints, and that (to us) outrageous interference. And now to see if the 90 per cent. of imbeciles and hogs will queer our pitch again. If they don't, I am mistaken if we don't observe an extraordinary impetus to the popularity of saloon cars in the next twelve months.

**A SIGNIFICANT CHANGE OF VIEW.**— I have long studied the trend of national opinion disclosed in the American press. I am lucky in having a voluntary press-cutting agency which is as discriminating as it is generous in supplying me. Thus I have been able to observe a change in the national pride of the States which is of first-rate significance. From every type of American newspaper there is increasing evidence of a national desire that England and English institutions should be studied and imitated as the best method of cleansing the Augean stables of American administration and social life. It is an extraordinarily interesting and important change of heart. For example:—

"I heard a suggestion that sounds good to me. It is that we should borrow a statesman or two from England to help us out in Washington — Snowden, Chamberlain, or Baldwin, for instance."

And again;

"They (the British) are a more civilized country, for they've been at the business longer . . . Are they not examples for us to copy? Yes, of course."

And again:

"Americanism: Moaning about bank failures; ridiculing the banking laws of England and Canada where no banks have failed."

If these are not significant straws, I never saw straws blowing in a high wind. The American character is undergoing the acid test and will surely emerge cleansed of the dross of overweaning self-satisfaction.

**DAMNOSA HERITAS.**— The publishers declare on the wrapper that Phyllis Bentley's *Inheritance* is one of the best novels they ever published. And I am sure they are right. But in any case what the publishers say of their own publications goes (if they say it loud and often enough) with the reading public. *Inheritance* has gone with a bang, and I don't wonder. The book is written on the lines laid down for success to-day. It is immensely long; it covers about seven generations; it is a record of tragedy, depression, disillusion, hopelessness, and failure unrelieved. It is the newest "record" in the struggle to get back to Methuselah within the compass of 8s. 6d. worth and the lines of the modern novel form. It holds the record in this great endurance test which young women novelists have set themselves to-day. The need for killing off one generation so as to make room for the next naturally destroys some of the human interest. The art and human interest of *The Old Wives' Tale* is altogether wanting here. The individual is sacrificed to the demands of posterity; the legatees are obscured by their inheritance and a *damnosa heritas* it surely is. True to life, no doubt. But if this is life, preserve me from realism in my fiction. Give me a little unreal optimism. And, by the way, what a shocking floodlight on West Riding morality. Here are several generations of the young men of a West Riding family who rise gradually to the "Eton and Oxford" grade, but one and all seduce within a few days of meeting her the woman they afterwards reluctantly marry. I had no idea that

# sletter

the habit of shooting grouse before the 12th was so prevalent in the West Riding.

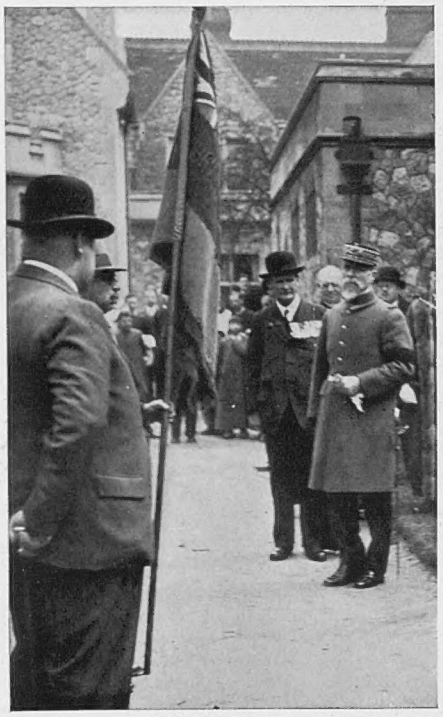
ENGLISH GARDENS.—I promised to give visitors and other readers of THE SPHERE timeous notice of any forthcoming plums in the gardens scheme which is in aid of district nursing. On Saturday, May 7, an excellent date for which to make plans ahead, I advise all garden lovers to make their way by rail or car or bus to Midhurst in West Sussex and to see one of the most superlatively beautiful "natural" gardens in England and one of the least disturbed "reserves" of old England still existing in the Home Counties. On May 7, Woolbeding (one mile from Midhurst) and its neighbour, Stedham (on the other side of the Rother), are open to the public. Woolbeding has intimate associations with Charles James Fox. The natural beauties of its grounds are hard to beat. In the garden will be found a little winding river, acres of shaven lawn, a famous horn-beam river walk, an old weir, and mill wheel, one of the smallest Saxon churches and quite the largest tulip tree in England. And a fountain! It was done by John of Bologna and stood once in old Cowdray. (Cowdray's famous park and ruin in Midhurst can be viewed the same day, as also Midhurst's famous old inns.) Stedham, too, is well worth seeing for its merits as a garden and for the extraordinarily unspoilt rustic setting in a little forgotten fold of Sussex. And there are famous brasses in Trotton Church. Those who visit Woolbeding by road should certainly return by way of Redford, Hollycombe, and Liphook, and take a backward look from the top of Pound Common.

WHETHER THE WEATHER. . . .—*Palmam qui meruit.* I must say the official weather prophets nowadays know the deuce of a lot about their subject. Four times out of five their radio forecasts, which grow less and less delphic as confidence increases, work out in their elaborate changes, within an hour or two of schedule. It may be fairly said (of the weather and of little else in modern life) that we know what a day will bring forth. It is a triumph of science, but it raises the everlasting question: Does scientific progress increase the sum of human happiness? They have taken from us the bitterest disappointment of a hopeless downpour on the day of the great cricket match, the long anticipated covert-shoot, the wedding day or the garden party. But at the same time they have killed the "divine surprise" of a perfect summer's day. We accept it when it comes (if it ever comes) as an inevitable and ordered item in our programme. Are we the happier when we go to sleep in the certainty of to-morrow's fate? Assuredly, if to-morrow's fate is definitely cheerful. Assuredly not, if it is the reverse. Man dreads (and would refuse an offer) to see his future, chiefly because he believes that life on the whole is more black than white. And to-day the new proficiency of the weather prophets is ill-timed, for the reason that our age is passing through a bad weather cycle. We have more deep depressions than anticyclones in every sphere of life.

"MISSING FROM HER HOME."—Quite honestly I should like to settle the question of whether the memories of youth are after all untrustworthy. I have always relied on the memories of my teens as the only full and true chapter in my life's history. But post-War weather has shaken this belief to its foundations. I have hosts of memories of spring in youth, when April, balmy and showery and sunny, unfolded leaves and flowers deliberately and divinely. When I read poetry regarding April's girlish laughter and tears, it seemed to me a true picture of April. But to-day such an April seems an absurdity, as unreal as an ice-bound, snow-glistening Christmas. I can recall not one spring since the War, though I suppose we have had them. I can recall warm, wet days in February and March, but no semblance of that April of my youth, when "blossom on blossom the spring begins." One sits shivering before the fire, or walks, wrapped in furs, in the shelter of wall or hedge, until suddenly winter yields to the heavy sufficiency of midsummer. That is the modern substitute for the poet's spring-time which I remember as common in my youth.

THE OLD STAGER.

**A WICKER-WORK HARVEST: Willows, osiers, and reeds are now all falling beneath scythe and sickle, and on the Norfolk Broads work is proceeding apace. This scene shows a workman at Salhouse wielding an ancient and traditional type of hand-scythe. The willows are used for all types of wicker-work, and also for the finest kind of thatching**



**THE GALLIPOLI MEMORIAL SERVICE: General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris, inspecting ex-Service men at the ceremony held in Holy Trinity, Eltham. The date was altered this year**

**FOR CHARITY: One of the most interesting gardens in the South of England, Chiltern Lodge, Beaconsfield, which is laid out in the form of a model garden village with a stone church to scale, a model railway, streets, and shops, has been thrown open to the public in aid of the Queen's Institute for Nursing**

**ELIZABETHAN: The Annual Shakespeare Festival was held in Southwark on St. George's Day, traditionally the birthday of the Master Dramatist, which this year was celebrated by the opening of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford. In the yard of the George Inn, the Overian Players produced scenes from "As You Like It," and recaptured for a few brief moments some of the gigantic popularity among the masses that the original crude productions evoked**

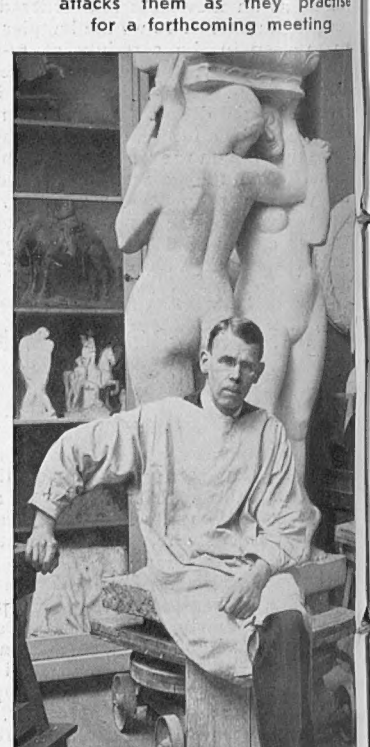
# A PICTORIAL RECORD

THE LIFE-SAVER: Constable Dolman of the Mounted Police who was the means of saving a dozen children's lives a day or two ago when a frightened horse got out of control and bolted in the Row. The officer is seen above on duty as though nothing had happened

THE KING AND QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT: Their Majesties with the Princess Ro some time among the troops. Demonstrations were given by various units. from which he issued commands that were obeyed a quarter of a mile away.

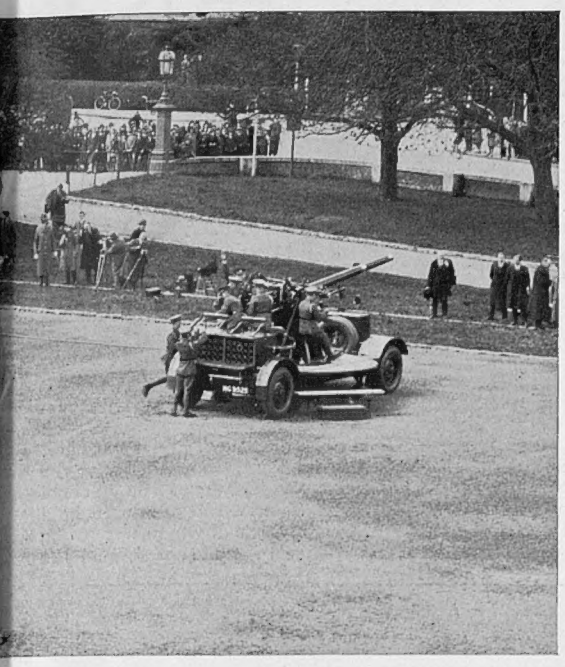
ORNITHOLOGICAL RESENTMENT: A swan at Belle Vue, Manchester, objects to motor-boats and attacks them as they practise for a forthcoming meeting

HEROES DULY HONOURED: Coxswain John Swanson of Longhope in the Orkneys, and Coxswain John Campbell of Portpatrick, Wigtownshire, who have both shown outstanding gallantry in lifeboat rescue work, were awarded medals by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution last week. Swanson saved the lives of eight of the crew of the trawler, *Dorbie*, in January, while in the same month Campbell saved a similar number from the Belfast steamer, *Camlough*



A.R.A.: Mr. Gilbert Ledward, who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, with a fine example of his work

# of the WEEK

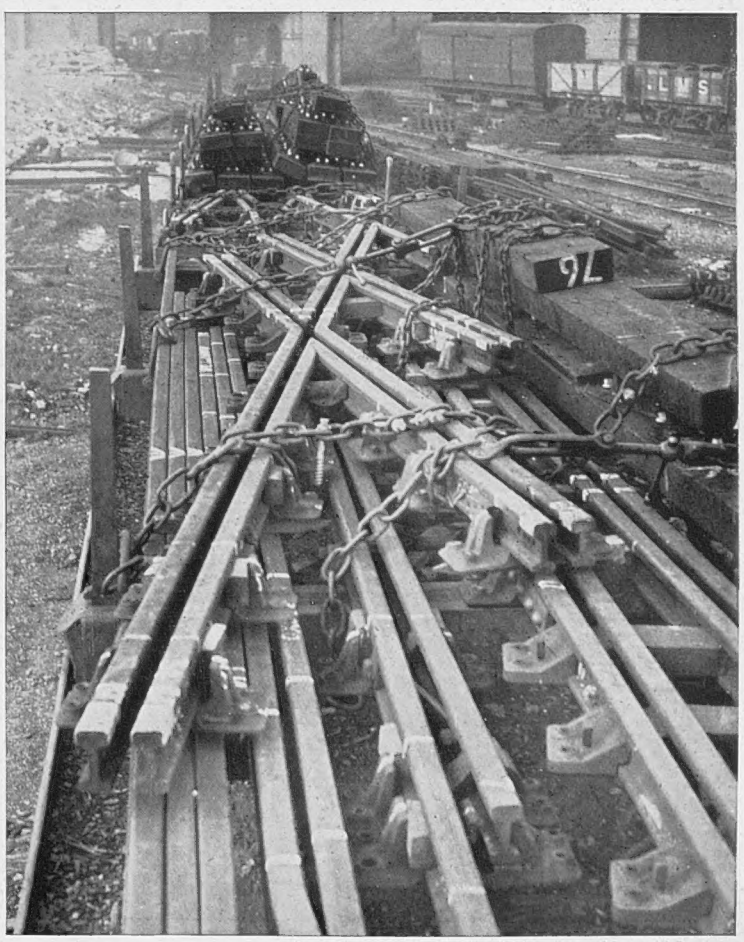


visited the great military centre last week-end and spent King was especially interested in a wireless equipped car Royal party is seen above visiting the Anti-Aircraft Brigade

A CASUALTY-LESS CRASH: A single-seater R.A.F. 'plane, in making a forced landing at Boxmoor owing to engine trouble, succeeded in avoiding a cottage but turned into a railway cutting and crashed. The pilot escaped with no injuries, but a severe shaking

THE TRIBUTE OF VICTORY: Nelson, the captain of the winners of the Cup Final, Newcastle United, receives the emblem of his team's victory at the hands of the Queen. The match provided a major sensation, for Newcastle won by 2 to 1, and photographic records incontrovertibly prove that the ball was out of play when the first goal was shot

A HAPPY HOME-COMING: Members of the First East Lancashires and the Royal Welch Fusiliers with their families debarking with cheers at Southampton from the transport *Dorchester*



MOVING A JUNCTION: The Southern Railway is transferring the Borough Market Junction to a site outside London Bridge. A replica of the junction was set up in a field in New Cross with every part numbered to facilitate removal. Assembled parts are seen above on trucks

# THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF ART

## Criticism of the Royal Academy Sets that Merely Criticise without be Said for Conservatism, in Art ing Article Shows how the Fun Inevitably Makes its Influenc

On the first Monday in May—in pursuance of grave and glorious tradition—the Royal Academy will obligingly open its Summer Exhibition to the public. This has been its habit since 1768.

Now Royal Academy Monday is almost, but not quite, as much a public excitement as Derby Wednesday, Grand National Friday, and Boat Race Saturday. But before the dawn of Royal Academy Monday much will have happened. There will have been a Press view, a private view, and a banquet. In fact, by the time the turnstiles at Burlington House begin to click on Monday morning, the public will have been well posted through the Press as to the strange variety of things they are to expect. They will have been told:

"That the Exhibition is above the average, or that it is below the average.

"That it is the most brilliant Exhibition which has been seen at Burlington House for some years; or that it is the dullest show that has ever disgraced the Royal Academy.

"That the Royal Academy is showing a real spirit of progress and has taken on a new lease of life; or that it is dying of artistic anæmia, and is nigh unto death."

This is all to the good, because it gives an excellent start to the annual dog-fight over the Royal Academy. And what can really be better from the Academy's point of view? For Lord Northcliffe once laid down the axiom that a dog fight was the one thing which the public could be guaranteed to stop and watch. I have a shrewd idea, indeed, that the Council of the Royal Academy rub their hands in cultured glee over this yearly argument.

And why not? They can well afford to. Having dined well at their banquet, they can sit at their ease and reflect that fate cannot harm them. They have done their duty under Royal auspices and have fulfilled their purpose. Their labours done for that year, they can rest in the shadow of the Throne which was the "instrument" of their creation, and under the patronage of which they still paint and breathe and have their being.

For the Royal Academy is not what the mass of the public still believes it to be. It is not, as some so fondly imagine, a body of artists whose business it is to provide an annual Summer exhibition—and nowadays a Winter one, too.

The Royal Academy is a school—a Royal school of design whose rules cannot be altered except with the consent of the Sovereign and which can only be administered by men whose diplomas as Royal Academicians have been signed in person by the reigning monarch. Every year the president and secretary are received by the King, to whom they submit lists of new officers and any resolutions there may be suggesting alterations in the laws which govern the institution.

Thus the Royal Academy is in an impregnable position; and when one has grasped that it is easier to understand why successive Councils smile suavely yet inscrutably at their critics. Why, the very building is virtually the off-shoot of a Royal Palace. Once the Academy was housed in a Royal residence—Somerset Palace, now Somerset House. To-day the vast buildings which run between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, the Exhibition Galleries, the schools, and the administrative offices, are the property of the Royal Academy, but they stand on Crown land of which the ground rent—thanks to the generosity of the Crown—is £1 per year.

The administrative offices, with their pillared halls, their painted ceilings, and their walls hung with masterpieces by famous painters, would grace any palace of the King. The very furniture is of a pattern that elsewhere one sees only in Royal residences; and all the ceremonies of the Royal Academy are conducted in a regal manner.

It must be remembered that after his election as an Academician each artist has to present one of his works as a "specimen of his abilities," which must be approved and exhibited by the Council before his diploma can be taken to the King for signature. This done, he is invited to a general assembly of Academicians at which he signs an undertaking of loyal service to the Academy. The president then hands him his diploma in which the King calls on him to be one of the forty Academicians. His election is then complete and his "specimen of ability" is deposited for permanent keeping in the Diploma Gallery.

Now these general assemblies are majestic affairs, and on such occasions even the attendants wear robes of almost regal state.

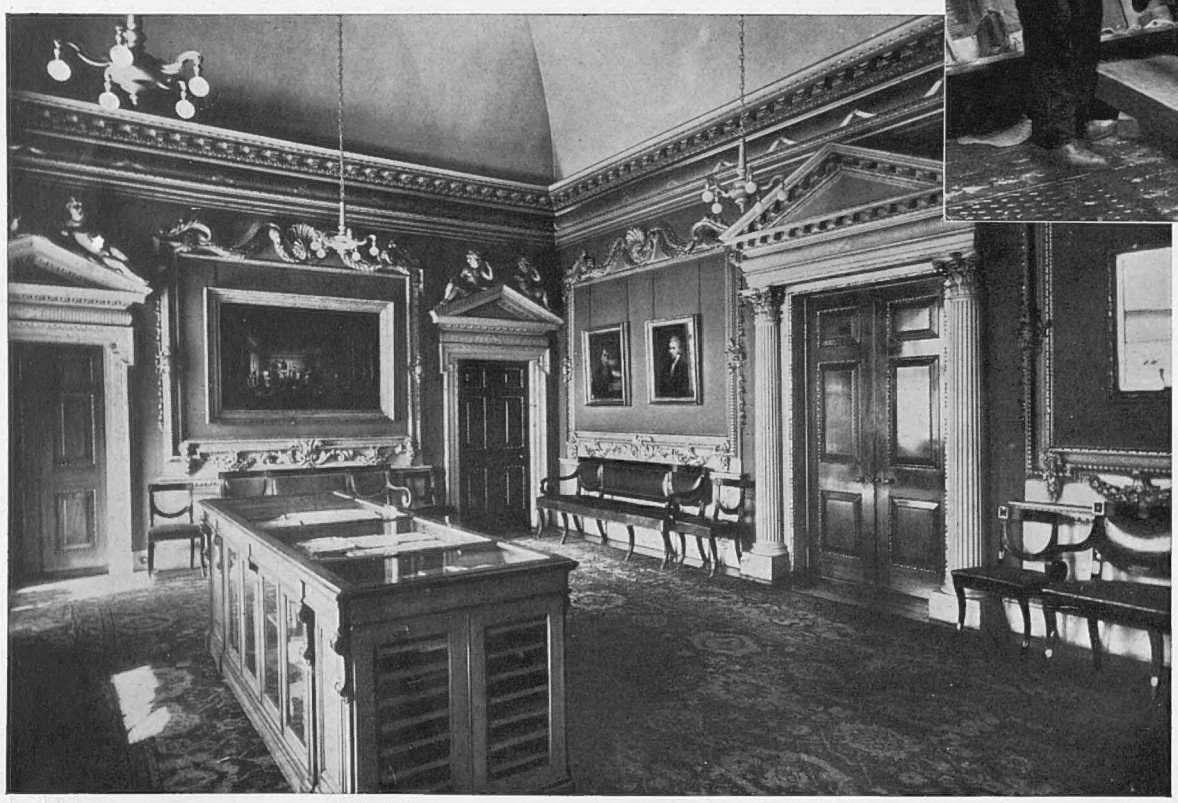
It is therefore not altogether unnatural that the Royal Academy as a body should regard the outside world a little loftily. And really, when you think it out, the Royal Academy is entitled to its attitude.

It is usually assumed that artists know nothing of business, that you cannot expect them to be commercially minded. Yet the present building cost £180,000; the Council maintains three schools, giving entirely gratuitous instruction to about two hundred pupils; they entertain lavishly, and further, maintain various charities and benefactions. And the vast sums of money they have raised and control have been earned by the exhibitions which they hold.

So that while the higher critics may declare that the Royal Academy is effete and inefficient, the fact remains that it is a huge commercial as well as an artistic success. It is, in fact, a "big business" which could not have flourished, and which could not continue to flourish unless, in spite of the critics, those regally aloof and ceremoniously moving artists had not collectively a pretty shrewd idea as to "what the public wants."

It is indeed not unamusing to reflect that it was as a money-making concern that the Academy first came into being. In this way: In 1760, an exhibition of pictures held for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital proved a popular attraction. Thereafter, a Society of Artists began to hold regular exhibitions to which they charged admission. In 1765 the Society received a Royal Charter; but even this didn't satisfy the more progressive spirits. There was in this country no national academy of professors and students of the fine arts for the "training, advancement, and public recognition of good artists," such as had long existed in Italy, France, and elsewhere. So the pioneers approached King George III with the project of a Royal Academy which was to be a "School of Design" for students. The Academy was to hold an annual exhibition, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the maintenance of the school, and the giving of assistance to distressed artists and their families.

HANGING JUDGES: T
Two votes in favour, signifi
rescue a canvas from absolu
Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, Secreta
R.A., Mr. F. L. Griggs, R.
A.R.A., Mr. J. Olsson, R.A
Mr. G. Harcourt, R.A., Mr.
Edwin Lutyens, R.A., Mr.
Curtis Green, A.R.A., M
Mr. C.



THE SALOON OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: This is ornamented with relics of notable artists in glass cases as well as with pictures of past academicians. The room is not to be confused with the Diploma Gallery in which, before his election to the Academy, every artist must deposit one representative picture or piece of sculpture

AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN SCULPTURE: A statue of an athlete, borne into Burlington House

The personal interest of the monarch was the essence of the scheme, and to the delight of its promoters, Farmer George proved even more enthusiastic than they were themselves. He gave his royal approval to the list of the first forty Academicians. That list included West, Gainsborough, Bartolozzi, Zoffany, and Angelica Kaufmann. Oh yes, a woman R.A. is nothing new! Of this distinguished body Sir Joshua Reynolds became the first President. The King personally approved the laws under which the schools and the Exhibition were to be conducted, and Sir William Chambers, the King's Surveyor-General, who was in constant personal touch with his Sovereign, became the first treasurer of the Academy; while in the "Instrument," or "document of foundation," which was signed by George III on December 10, 1768, His Majesty was most graciously pleased to describe himself as the Academy's "patron, protector, and supporter." This close association with the throne has never been broken.

On the suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, various honorary members were co-opted to the Academy. Among these were Samuel Johnson, who was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature; Oliver Goldsmith, who became Professor of Ancient History; and Joseph Baretti, who became Secretary of Foreign Correspondence. These honorary posts, together with those of Antiquary

# is Rife in Artistic Circles and in Creating, but there is Much to as Elsewhere. The Accompanytion and Nature of the Academy the Reverse of Experimental

## By W. HOLT-WHITE

and Chaplain, have been successively filled by distinguished men of learning until this day.

There is no need to trace the history of the Academy. It made various moves before it finally came to rest at Burlington House. The original "Instrument" laying down the rules for its governance has frequently, with the approval of the Monarch of the day, been altered. No, we will come back to to-day and consider the Academy

selection committee at work. "in the usual manner," will rejection. The group shows to the R.A., Mr. Oliver Hall, elect, Mr. Harold Knight, Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., Campbell Taylor, A.R.A. Sir L. Hartwell, R.A., Mr. W. R. Anning Bell, R.A., and Jagger, A.R.A.

as a prosperous and "going concern" which maintains its schools and its charities, its vast premises, and its hospitalities out of the funds produced by the exhibitions which, for the last three decades, have provided the public with an annual dog fight.

And let us hope for the public's sake—and for that matter for the Royal Academy's sake—that there will be at least one "mystery picture" and one "sensation" this year. Something around which the public will cluster. Something with which the critics will deal with a sort of cold frenzy. Something about which the Royal Academicians can smile in that bland way of theirs—and rake in the shekels. For one good "sensation" is worth a mint of money to them.

I expect we shall get our bit of excitement. Man and boy, I have seen forty-five Royal Academies; and the Council have never yet disappointed me. So regularly have they provided some bone of contention that I am beginning to wonder whether they are so dead to the "sweet uses of publicity" as we imagine them to be. And the more I ponder on their financial history, the more I wonder.

In any case I expect we shall have the same dear old row. The enemies of the Royal Academy will arise and call it accursed, and their charges, in accordance with custom, will be these:—

"The Royal Academy is controlled by a set of amiable but reactionary Mandarins, who, while they give themselves every advantage—each R.A. is entitled to have six pictures hung on the line provided they are not indecent—deny opportunities to others. They neglect good work to the advantage of their own. They are so steeped in the classical traditions that they refuse even to consider any theory or any practice which is new. They snub all progressive thought. Their schools—painting, sculptural, and architectural—are archaic. They smother every spark of originality. They are cruel in their discipline."

That is a pretty serious indictment. Here is the reply:—

"The Royal Academy is controlled by men whose work has met with public approval, and their acts are subject to regulations which can only be revised with the authority of the Crown. The very constitution of the Royal Academy is therefore conservative in principle. Royal Academicians who are sworn to loyal service do not as a whole insist arbitrarily on their prerogatives. The Selection Committee, which consists of about twelve R.A.s, does its task conscientiously. There is no entrance fee for those submitting their work, so that whereas there is room only for about fifteen hundred exhibits, including painting, sculpture, and architecture, thousands of subjects are sent in. These may include impossible masses of sculpture weighing tons, down to absurd little water colour sketches by old ladies in the country, the scribblings of children, or the models of a hair-dresser. But all are viewed, and two upraised hands in the Selection Committee can save any potential exhibit from complete oblivion. When the Hanging Committee gets to work, what has been saved from oblivion may be found worthy of a place. It is absurd to say that the Royal Academy Council is impervious to new ideas and that their schools are archaic. For two years the Royal Academy pupils have swept the board in the Rome Scholarships. The present Keeper of the Royal Academy, who is in charge of the schools—Mr. Walter W. Russell, R.A.—was formerly in charge of the Slade School where the ideas practised differ somewhat from those of the Royal Academy. The idea that originality is smothered is equally ridiculous. All the Royal Academy asks is that the pupils should learn to become craftsmen before they seek "expression"; that they should understand the media and the technique of their calling. It was because the great masters of old time were true craftsmen that their added inspiration made their ultimate work great and lasting. Without entering into any discussion on the theories of Cubism, Vorticism, Futurism, and other "isms" of the various schools of modern art, it might broadly be said that the practitioners of these are not craftsmen. Even the paint on their pictures is already crumbling. It wouldn't last. It is true that certain of the pupils of the Royal Academy schools are revolutionary. They find that by bizarre effects they can earn money. Very well, they can go and earn it. They wouldn't last any more than their paint would. But to argue from that that the Royal Academy is against ideas is nonsense. Nowhere is there such need for ideas to-day as in architecture. And in the Architectural School they are always searching for the artist. Anyone can be a draughtsman. What is wanted are artists in design. And, finally, where is there any body of great British artists who are not Royal Academicians?"

Well, gentlemen of the jury of the great British Public, that is the case for the Royal Academy. So where, as jesting Pilate once asked, is truth?

Curiously enough, that he might sum up, I went to a man who is notoriously one of the Royal Academy's most rigorous and persistent critics. And I did not find him an unjust judge.

Sitting in a voluminous and genuine Tudor chair, a Cubistic painting on the wall behind him, he laughed. "Why drag in paint?" he said. "After all, Reynolds' paintings have perished, Sargent's are perishing. But the matter is larger than that.

"Cubism? What does the Council of the Royal Academy know of Cubism? Cubism is a question of volume. It is a matter for mathematicians.

"Futurism? There isn't a futuristic painter in England. There isn't an English artist who can comprehend what Futurism truly means. Supposing that Einstein had met Darwin—still alive in space time—and had presented him with his theory of Relativity?

"Darwin being a good old Royal Academician by now would have started back and said 'Great Newton! The man's mad!' But when a Futurist has painted a horse with six legs he is merely endeavouring to convey a sense of simultaneity of movement. It sounds silly, but if you consider it logically it is not any more silly than Einstein's vision of the moving train. But because Einstein can put his theory into a mathematical formula which 'no feller can understand,' and the Futurist artist presents some angle of Einstein's theory in paint, then Einstein is a great man and the painter is a fool. Which is absurd. Think it out!"

I refused.

"Anyhow," said my friend the critic, "one can theorise all night. The point is: What is the future of the Royal Academy? It's always a hundred, or fifty, or twenty-five years behind the times. Well, so it ought to be. That's its job. It is the House of Lords of Art. It has got to sift, and think, and explore, and adjudicate. And, to be fair, its system may not be too bad a one. The National Academy of Design in America has adopted a practically similar constitution and almost entirely similar rules.

"Although I am one of the so-called 'wild men,' I agree that the Royal Academy has no right to accept Futurism without the same searching examination that the scientists and astronomers are giving to Relativity. And that's going to take them years.

"Thank God, however, that in Sir William Llewellyn the Royal Academy has a president who is not only a wise and just man but a man who thinks. I know that he impresses on his Council that they are not the only pebbles on the artistic beach, that there are many fields to be explored and considered.

"A hundred years hence the public may be crowding to the doors of a Futuristic Exhibition at Burlington House. In that case the Royal Academy may still be fifty years behind the times. Something may have taken Futurism's place. Einstein may be a dodo. Everything changes nowadays and changes quickly. This is a dynamic world. Is art alone to remain static?"

I'm sure I don't know. But one thing seems certain—that in the years to come, however much the Royal Academy may continue to "evolve," there will be plenty of scope for controversy and therefore for excitement.

The annual dog fight over the Summer Exhibition would seem to be an assured National event.

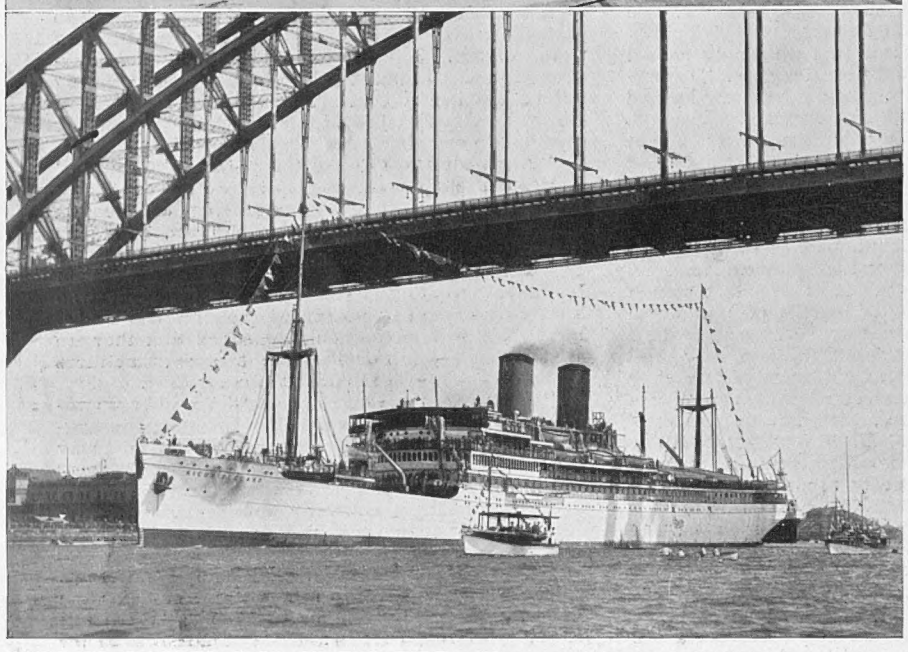
So why complain?

MANY ARE SENT but few are chosen, for there is nothing to stop anyone from submitting a canvas or a marble for consideration by the R.A.

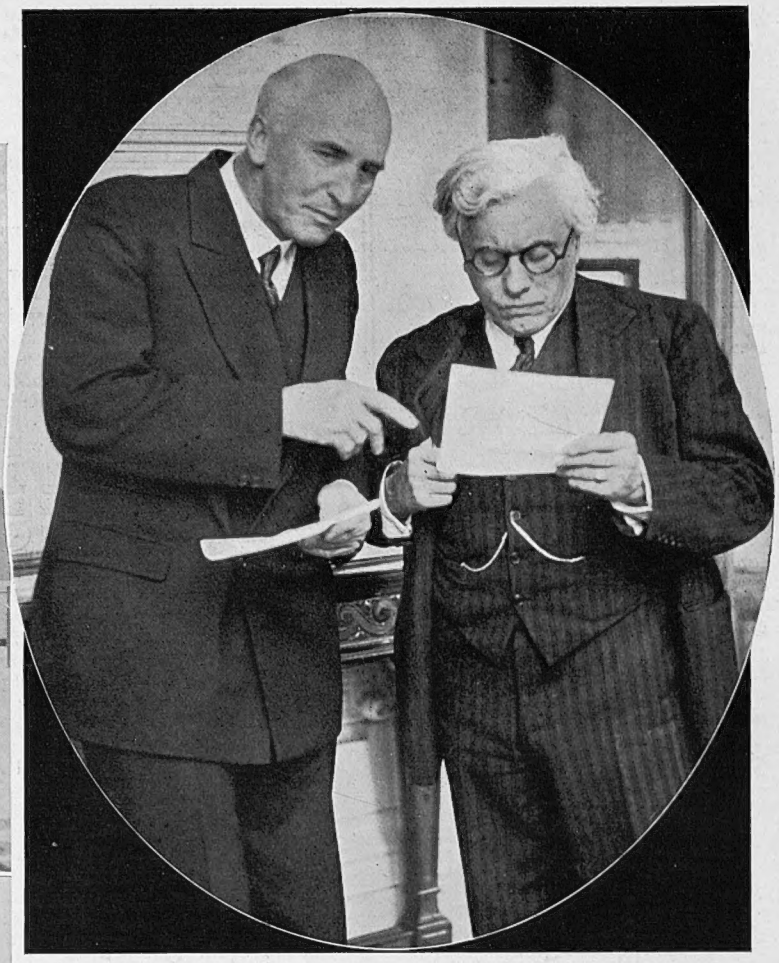
THE PRIME FUNCTION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY is the organization of its schools whose pupils win many successes in open competitions of Art Schools. As an institution devoted largely to instruction, there is a valid reason why the Academy's policy tends to the Conservative—as indeed does that of every analogous institution abroad

# FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS

From Australia, Geneva, Los Angeles, and Berlin

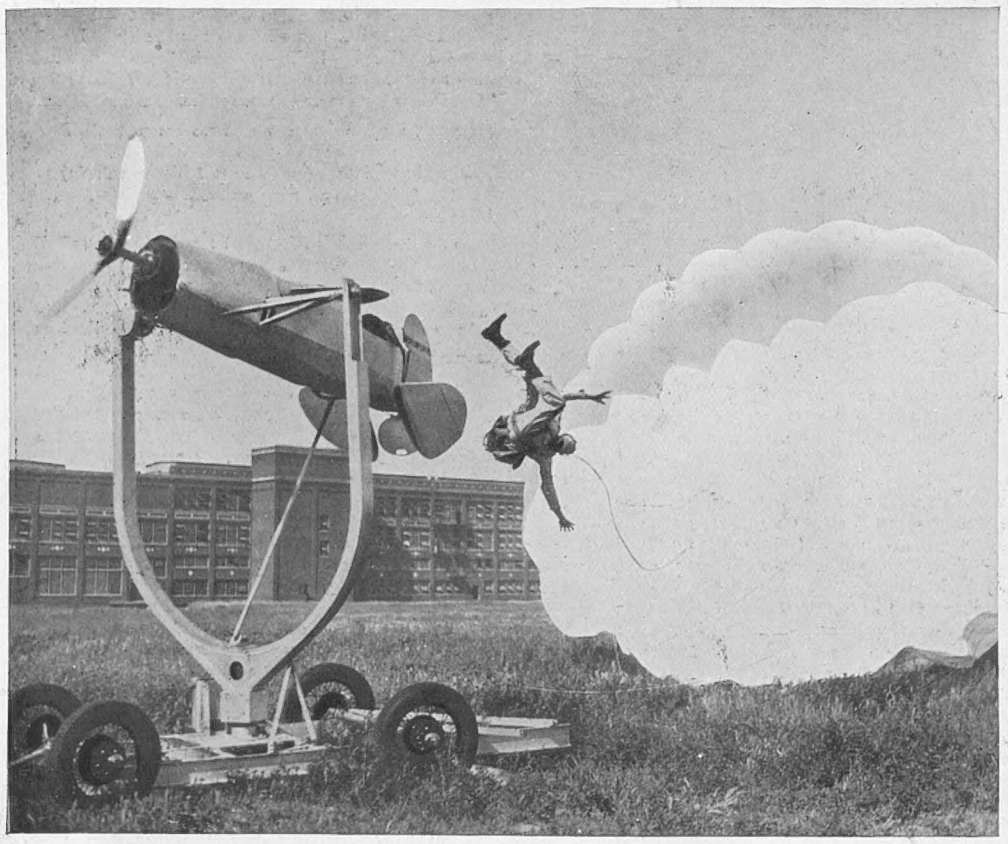


SPANS AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE EARTH: The upper picture shows the Mayoral party crossing the new rolling bascule bridge over the Salisbury and Trafalgar Passage, which they had opened. The lower view shows the Royal Packet Navigation's liner, *Nieuw Zealand* passing under the recently opened Sydney Harbour bridge



GENEVAN PUNDITS: M. Paul Boncour and Sir John Simon, representatives of France and Britain, in conference. It is becoming more and more certain that the League of Nations can become an effectual influence for world peace only by the close co-operation of the great Republic and the great Empire

DISARMAMENT is the subject that engrosses the attention of the League of Nations at the moment; even the opium traffic cannot command an audience! M. Paul Boncour, the head of the French Delegation, is seen above delivering an address



THE EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED: Mr. Louis ("Speedy") Babbs was unsuccessful at Los Angeles in proving his theory that an aviator will not lose his equilibrium no matter how his machine is "stunted." The test was made with an acroplane, by which students are taught, when suddenly and unintentionally his parachute opened, jerked him from the cockpit, and landed him, with serious injuries, on his head

AFTERMATH OF A POLITICAL CLASH: The opening of the Felseneck case in Germany, in which twenty-four Nazis and Communists are jointly charged with an encounter in which two men lost their lives. The situation between Nazi and Centre is now a deadlock

# The SPHERE SURVEYS the WORLD

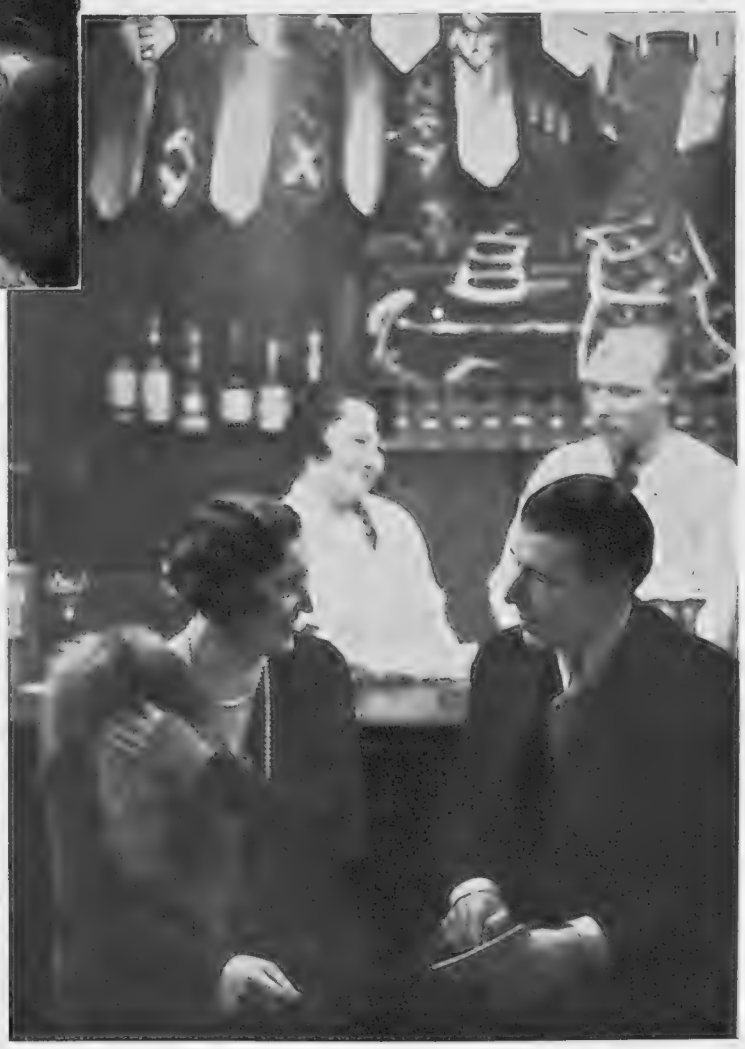
"RESPECTFUL NOTICE": On account of the Labour dispute operations will be suspended pending settlement, which please do not take amiss," reads this notice in Tokio occasioned by a strike of subway employees

PALS: Herr Hans Kameler, Switzerland's champion boy cowherd, with Bessi, his favourite cow, seen in a halcyon setting of mountain meadow above Selden in the Gasterntal. The mild tenderness that is inherent in the bovine face here reaches its apogee. The bell on the broad leather strap is very characteristic of the country, and the mellow notes, welling over the snows at twilight are not the least of the charms of this country when the spring flowers are climbing up to the snow edge

SYMPATHETIC STRIKERS: Girl conductors, employed on the autobus lines in Tokio, have struck in sympathy with the motor drivers. They are seen cooking rice over charcoal fires and making balls of prepared rice as refreshment for the strikers. The subway strikers, who made their headquarters on the actual subway lines and slept and ate in the underground trains, won all their points in the dispute

THE HONOLULU TRIAL: Mr. Clarence Darrow (with Mrs. Darrow) who is defending (on a plea of insanity) Lieutenant Massie on the charge of slaying the native who outraged his wife. Lieutenant Massie's mother-in-law, and two sailors are involved in the case

WHY SOVIET FURS ARE CHEAP: A new picture from Wrangel Island, off the coast of North East Siberia, showing a portion of a bag of 350 polar-fox and 250 polar-bear skins undergoing preparation for market. The expedition also secured a record bag of walrus tusks. The policy of Russia—commercial as political—is thoroughly to derange, by the means of flooding and under-selling, the markets of the world and no facet of export is neglected in the furtherance of the Five Year Plan



A BRITISH CHALLENGE IN BERLIN: An Englishman, Mr. Rex Allen, with his wife, a native of Wiltshire, has opened a cabaret in a street off the fashionable Kurfurstendamm in Berlin—a sufficiently astonishing undertaking in view of the appalling trade conditions in the German capital. "Chez Rex," however, is proving extremely popular, especially with British and American visitors—fortune favouring the brave once more

# JACQUES BONHO

**ELECTIONEERING PUBLICITY in France is carried out not by a house-to-house canvass or a series of whirlwind stump speeches but by posters, tracts, and debates over the wireless. This is a scene at the Salle Wagram**

PARIS.

Elections! Elections! Europe should have had about enough of them for some time to come after these French ones are over. Of late most of us seem to have been going about with the ballot in our hand. Freely holding up urgent business to be done, while Demos spake. Nor, alas, is the blight over yet. Between now and November you may call and call again on Americans to give concrete attention to things that shriek for such. Sorry, but they will really be quite unable to commit themselves *definitely* until the transcending affair of Hoover, Al, or Roosevelt is decided. Assuredly in the brotherhood of nations to come democracies will vote simultaneously the world over—or not at all.

Well—here we are again with these French affairs. Every four years they come. Did I find a Paris shaken by political discussion? "In the throes of a general election?" I did not. In point of fact I put off at Rouen first on the way down and there heard a discours by Tardieu's right-hand man, Paul Reynaud. "Discours" is the word of the day. I mention this one because it has since rather fluttered the dove-cotes. It warned, in as many words, that unless the outgoing lot were returned, the same flight from the franc as operated in 1925–6 might recur. As this flight was principally by Frenchmen the foreign observer at once found himself plunged in a special electioneering atmosphere. "Supposing," I said, "someone had got up on the National Government side last October and issued a similar threat—I mean, warning?"

*Vote for us or the Pound may Leave the Country!*
(Poster of old-time sailing-vessel leaving, with the sterling sign as the sail.)

Nor, when I got to Paris, did I find the tone of events conspicuously raised. It seemed to me, from newspapers, from chatter, from general symptoms that not for a long time could a consultation of the people have been set amid a greater scepticism or contempt for parliamentary candidates.

A common reaction has been, "What does it matter whom we return? The result won't be much different!"

An exaggeration, naturally, yet characteristic of the weary fed-up-ed-ness with the Chamber and (less so) with the Senate, which is abroad in the land. Here you may look in vain for anything approaching the surge of Britain last autumn. The condition of France is not as bad? Does not warrant similar national alertness? I wonder. Strange things are being said about the condition of France.

Three explanations rise to the surface accounting for the popular attitude thus far:

(1) Both competing sides have let the country down badly in recent years. The twin parties of the Left (our Lib.-Lab. alliance of old) figured in a horrid mess of finances after being returned in 1924. They were in no way wholly responsible, the moneyed factions in opposition exporting capital wholesale, yet Herriot, Blum et Cie of the Cartel des Gauches, became fixed in the public mind as duds at the franc helm. And now, lo and behold the Tardieu side of 100 per cent. chauvinism has become no less so! It was bequeathed nineteen milliards of francs by Poincaré. The whole lot has gone into thin air, and France is faced by dizzy deficits instead. The money went, and the deficit has been built up, chiefly by bolstering up France-on-the-Danube, by fashioning a perfect lance at home, by dashing to the aid of banks and shipping and railways and things in distress. Your average Frenchman seems to have small faith in the finances of either side.

(2) The lamentable absence of young or coming men. I've probed and probed. Here and there a name that may crop up—a Pierre Cot, a Montigny — but Verdun has assuredly now begun to tell. It is the old, old gang with a vengeance, and what is worse, minus its two time-honoured figures. These are the first elections almost in a generation not to be dominated by a Poincaré or a Briand, particularly the former, who for twenty years was relied upon as none other. He is missing now, stricken for ever at Sampigny, although his face is placarded beside that of his successor, a man who, if Poincaré still follows things, must give the old Ruhr war-horse no little disquiet.

(3) The hopeless confusion of Parties and Groups, as if the declamatory land of Danton were on the way to committing parliamentary hara-kari in a welter of talk, talk. If we have two-and-a-fifth Parties, we think it is deplorable. In France at this moment there are anything from eight to thirty Parties—it all depends what you call them, Parties or Groups. And what can a citoyen do with that bunch jabbering at him? The joy-sheets of the boulevards have even been amazingly personal, not to say rabelaisian, with candidates; this time they have beaten all records, which is symptomatic. Each morn a new Group is born, as to-day, with the Green Party, looking after agriculture in the south-west. The public is actually threatened with *groups of Groups*, which will decide which way to vote. Also, with a greatly increased number of independent deputies, wandering whither they will in the lobbies. How to get cohesive government from such a complicated crowd? It is the problem, and the bogey, of to-morrow, when France is billed to pass through her most serious peace-hours for many a day.

**JACQUES BONHOMME CONSIDERS HIS VOTE: A typical scene in Paris where, as in every town, hoardings are allocated to the various candidates. Though there are recognized Parties, politics in France are more in a state of flux than is conceivable in Britain**

Altogether, over 4,000 candidates are in the field, fighting 615 seats. There never were so many aspirants, despite the estimate in which deputies are currently held, and on the day of registration the gendarmes had to intervene at the Paris Hôtel de Ville, early queuers-up protesting that special treatment was being given. Cynics point to the high emolument, to the "drag" which being a deputy can give dans les affaires, to a deputy getting so much free or at reduced rate, as explanatory of the siege of the Palais Bourbon. How a Mussolini must be smiling sardonically at that siege, so apt (in his philosophy) to whittle away the energy and purpose of a land in frothy debate, play and counter-play, in absurd rearing of the small-town demagogue. Odd that these two Latins should show the two extremes.

The outgoing Chamber consisted of—

| | |
|---|---|
| Right | 125 |
| Centre | 200 |
| Left | 160 |
| Socialists | 114 |
| Communists | 11 |

Government has been carried on by a fusion of Right and Centre although Left and Socialists polled more last time. One of three things is going to happen as a result of the present voting—(a) the Tardieu Administration of the Right–Centre is coming back; (b) the point of gravity will move to the Left-Centre with Herriot as chief; (c) it will move more definitely Leftwards, meaning Léon Blum (Socialist) on top for the first time—and if he gets the biggest Party he is going to claim power. For the welfare of what others are trying to encompass in the world, in order to get a trifle out of the morass, Blum's arrival would be no bad thing. He doesn't believe in living in a tank, like Tardieu, nor does he think it much use drawing more marks from across the Rhine. In home affairs, he is of the nationalizing hue. Blum is a striking character. He sits for wild and woolly Narbonne, is anathema to all good bourgeois, and higher up, and yet is as cultured a man as Paris yields — almost an "aristo" with his art collecting and riches. The other side is unable to get anything serious "on" him. Once, lunching with Caillaux at Mamers, that politician of destiny said to me: "When I made my début in political life Clemenceau warned me: 'Mark this, my young friend. In our country the one way to get rid of an opponent is to make charges against him.'" Clemenceau got rid of Caillaux in the manner stated, but it was war-time and mad-time. The omens are better for Blum, a man who sees clearly, by our way of thinking, and who currently, at all events, wants little in social legislation that we haven't long had.

The other two lions are well-known to you. Tardieu exudes youth from a Vittel–54 constitution; is always and most annoyingly souriant, strange antic in current Europe; and has been crashing about like a bull-with-only-a-few-minutes-in-the-shop ever since he reassumed power in January. He has some rudeness of manner and his Press eggs him on to it, the same Press which stood back shocked at Philip Snowden's gentle fist at the Hague. What Tardieu lacks are precisely those antennæ he used to laugh at in Briand.

**THE ARISTO SOCIALIST: M. Léon Blum who hopes that he will ride into power—and when there enforce Nationalisation instead of Nationalism upon the country—upon wings of Soviet idealism and stressing unemployment**

Edouard Herriot is erudite and benevolent, rather Baldwinny with his pipe and conveyance of laze. They say he lacks power,

# MME SPLIT INTO THIRTY PARTS

## France Attempts Once Again the Difficult Task—Especially Difficult at the Present Juncture—of Forming a Cohesive Government

### By FERDINAND TUOHY

character, "bite." Too provincial, moreover, for self-admiring Paris. Always half-lying about the place, with rumpled, ash-strewn waistcoat. And a co-worker with MacDonald!

Two portfolios will matter immensely. Foreign Affairs and Finance. It is possible they may fall to a couple unmentioned in the electioneering triumvirate above: to Paul-Boncour, permanent Geneva chief, and to Joseph Caillaux, widely referred to as the only Frenchman who really understands about money. It is, of course, the greatest fallacy to suppose that because the French know how to put away money they know what to do with it. They haven't an earthly. If it isn't in the stocking, it is being put, as often as not, to the most childish use. Caillaux does understand money. It was his professional job in the early 'nineties and as long ago as 1899 he was Waldeck Rousseau's Finance Minister—at thirty-three or thirty-four. He did another three years under Clemenceau, from 1909 on. He had the shekels again in 1911, in 1913, and in 1925. But to all intents and purposes Caillaux, whom I always see as the Lloyd George of France, has been out of the picture ever since a famous affair.

He now has a plan, and whether in the Government or not, I think we shall hear of him (what it implies, that men of seventy must re-appear!). Or, rather, he has two plans. And believe me, France has *got* to have a plan in the near future, to get her mind off morbid introspection and that eternal frontier. Ferry gave her one after 1870 when he pointed to Tunis and Indo-China. Caillaux now points to the Valley of the Niger. He may be the man of the Trans-Saharan project—that 2,000-mile railway, to take eight years, costing £24,000,000, and linking up Marseilles with undeveloped Africa. The French people would have to subscribe bonds, and it is said the only man they'd now be inclined to trust is Caillaux. Another conviction of Caillaux's, besides Western Europe's turning to Africa, is that machinery is the prime cause of all our troubles, finance being secondary, and that industrial anarchy resulting from mechanization can only be remedied by the co-operation, under State control, of those now blindly competing with their appliances against one another.

To return to the election; it is being fought on the issue of Public Finance and Armaments, and "en pleine crise." Tardieu, as the outgoing chief, is "making" the election. He started with a banquet at which there were 15,000 glasses, reminiscent of Chicago Conventions. Under enormous projectors, and with the colours of his one-time regiment behind him, he made a first discours-programme, rather gingerly going over what the late Administration had done. He followed this by making a second discours-programme in his Belfort constituency, saying, rather vaguely, what his new Administration would do. I have heard him on the wireless, and precision has been eloquently lacking. Tardieu has enjoyed great advantage in superior financial backing, the support of big industry, and of the majority of the sad, sad French Press, and in possessing "the levers of command," notably the vital Minister of the Interior. He has broken new ground by sending his late Cabinet on tour, and by copying Americo-Germanic ideas in intensive propaganda. Mass suggestion. Opinion is divided as to whether the vast amount expended has yielded desired results. The big novelty has been the perambulating loud speaker, or motor-gramophone. This monstrosity has taken the voice of Tardieu and his merry men as much as 500 kilometres across country in the twenty-four hours, stopping at Mairies, large and small. The travel-talkie has been a second innovation to spread alarm and dispondency in many a quiet and conservative countryside. Features of this have been comic drawings-while-you-wait of adversaries, replete with commentaries; and the showing of "les ténors" in spoken answer to questions put by a travelling questioner. Thus:—

QUESTIONER (ordinary human voice): Is it true that the new frontier defences are a waste and provocation?

TARDIEU (bellowing): The defences I and Maginot . . .

Then there has been the wireless boon to all the leaders as these have spoken their varying discours-programmes in regions far and near. The one replying to the other.

There exists one big difference from ourselves when we go electioneering. Except at the very end, France doesn't know the whirlwind street-corner meetings of our would-be M.P.s, sometimes three or four dozen addresses a day: nor does our door-to-door canvassing obtain, by pretty ladies. Women are right out of French elections—at least, on the surface, for they may have something to say in the home. Substitutes for our lightning luncheon-hour harangue and for the canvassing are the hoarding and the tract. These two constitute France's time-honoured method of preparing for the polls. That they are still being used is evidenced by the moneyed Party having put 7,000,000 tracts in circulation. But the posters are the most characteristic items of French elections. One doesn't just lease a hoarding and paste up Party appeals. Each candidate has the right to given boards round his constituency, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, side by side, according to how many candidates there are. And the Frenchman (and woman) passes by and reads. Outside this hotel the Communistic are the only ones yet showing. The Communists, preaching the class war, have dangerous powder in this election. Their paper, *Humanité* has used it. Wherever there is industry, there is chronic unemployment of which no official figures give an accurate representation. *Humanité* has been writing up the worst spots in the land, Rouen, Lyon, the Nord—but it is nearly everywhere. And, then, the Communists, for their poster appeal, must needs concentrate in many colours on the heaven upon earth, that is Soviet Russia! That Russia which is outdistancing, as a Nurmi, all the worst capitalistic errors ever made. Yet, parallely, these French Communists have the audacity to demand a seven-hour day for all on full wages.

The other Parties favour less lurid posters; usually the printed word in logical sequence.

By every token, the avalanche of broadcast speaking, especially by the Government team which has not so worked as an electioneering unit since the Empire, has made small headway. The voters have been heeding the more precise argument of local candidates, in small halls where "reunions" are held, question-and-answer affairs. This applies especially to the Midi—indeed, below a line drawn midway across France. Below this line the voting is expected to be more heavily Left than usual. Whole sections of the community are tired of costly tank-squatting, not to say getting nervous about it. In the top half of the country is the strength of the Right, with Conservative strongholds such as Normandy and Lorrain in the van. The French voter has shied at violent change in latter-day elections. Traditional stability has held. The pendulum either goes gently to the Right, from the Centre, or gently to the Left. It may be that once again a gentle swing of a small number of seats will decide the hue and tone of the incoming legislature. It is said that Tardieu, failing the personal victory he has been so manifestedly trying to rush the country into as "le chef," is hoping for a concentration in which he would go as Foreign Minister under Herriot, with Caillaux at Finance. Perhaps, by anticipation, Tardieu has shown a tendency to disconnect from the pressure of Louis Marin of the Right. But now we are getting into prophecy and dull wheels within wheels. . . .

One good thing to learn is that the Chamber of Deputies is being aired. Incredible though it may seem, there exist no windows. Its one ventilation is in the roof and this is opened only on the rarest of occasions. Such a red-letter day has now been ushered in, perhaps, because too many members were drowsing off in the stuffiness of the last House. Also, developing blood-to-the-head.

A rousing waft from the outside electorate might do a world of good, but will this come? I return to my point of departure, the well-applauded speech at Rouen. All the motor-talkies, all the wooing of Dupont (France's man-in-the-street), all the posters (25,000 in Paris alone), conduct to one thing. Herriot has said that the heart of France is to the Left. I am sure he is right.

(Cont. on p. 206)

THE SPELL-BINDER: M. André Tardieu, whose policy of rudeness and exclusive Nationalism has a great following in the north of France. In the south, however, the Left has many adherents. Tardieu has Big Business supporting him, and his campaign is better off financially than those of the other leaders

# EVANGELISTS and FAITH-HEALERS

"MESSIAH" FROM INDIA: Shri Meher Baba who has taken a seven-years vow of silence and communicates by means of an alphabet board. He is at the moment at Combe Martin, North Devon. His vow expires in May

GANDHI'S SPIRITUAL GUIDE: Shri Meher Baba, the Indian prophet, who has been hailed as the new Messiah. His seven-year vow of silence expires next month and he is going to make his first utterance in New York from which city he is to give his message to the world. His cult is said to embody the higher teachings of Buddhism and Christianity untainted with metaphysical elaborations

ENGLISH FOLLOWERS OF THE INDIAN "MESSIAH": Mr. Meredith Starr, the leader of the colony established at the Ashram, East Chalacombe, near Combe Martin, North Devon, with others of the cult

THE INDIAN "MESSIAH" AND HIS DISCIPLES: A scene in North Devon which, to the believing, re-enacts a similar gathering in Palestine 2,000 years ago. The teacher, however, does not yet speak, but communicates by means of an alphabet board

THAUMATURGIC HEALING: Pastor Jeffreys "cures" disease by the laying on of hands—a facet of the Elim Four Square ("hot") Gospel practice. Cures of this type are a feature of many hot gospel movements all over the world

THE MOUSTACHIO-ED MESSIAH: A close-up study of Shri Meher Baba in his unusual attire. It is said by those who have met him that he has immense personal magnetism which can be appreciated even though he does not open his lips

THE COWBOY SHEPHERD OF SOULS: Mr. Jay C. Kellogg, greeted on his arrival at Los Angeles by the most publicised hot gospeller in the world, "Sister" Aimee Semple McPherson, who tours the States with a beauty chorus of "angels," now bitterly satirized on the stage in *Vile Bodies*. A volley of revolver shots announced that devotional "whoopee" was duly inaugurated among the Evangelists. This facet of American life cannot fail to jar upon general public opinion in England which looks askance at once at extremes in any direction in religious matters. To perpetrate in costume a service which really amounts to a religious Rodeo is degrading

# STONE TURNED TO LIFE

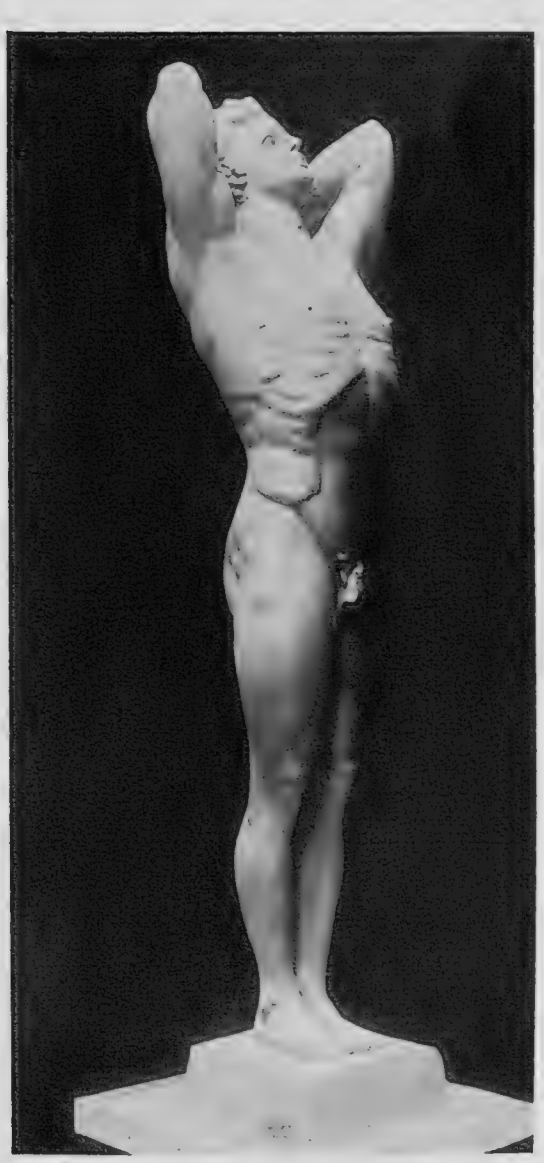
DAWN BABY BY ELIZABETH MUNTZ is a compelling addition to the sculpture of infancy. A pupil of Bourdille in Paris and Frank Dobson in Britain, Miss Muntz is represented in King's College, Cambridge, by her statue of the River God. She is holding a one woman's show at Cooling's Galleries next month

IN TERRA COTTA: The head and shoulders of a magnificent life-size figure of a recumbent girl by the modern Italian sculptor, Arturo Martini

MODERN ITALY LOOKS TO ANCIENT GREECE: An Hellenic treatment of the head of a young woman by the modern Italian sculptor, Sever Werther

MODERN VARIATION ON A CLASSIC THEME: A Torso cut in Roman stone by Allan Howes, exhibited at the R.A. recently

THE MALE CHILD, by Eric Kennington — a formal modernist treatment, larger than life size, in Hopton wood stone recently exhibited at the Leicester Galleries



"THE BUILDER," by GEORGE GRAY BARNARD: A more than life-size figure in a composition of French clay and wax exhibited in New York

THE END OF THE JOURNEY: A steamer with a cargo of refrigerated meat from South America off the mouth of the entrance lock to King George V Dock. Her tug is bringing her head round and (left) the waterman's skiff is going out to take off the steamer's shore rope. In the distance, across the stream, parts of the Woolwich Arsenal Estate can be seen. The moment such vessels reach their berth there begins the movement of the cargo to the road and rail vans

FROM THE BALTIC: A timber steamer off Surrey Entrance Lock. All manner of craft may be seen in the Thames—coastal passenger boats, Continental traders, meat ships from the ends of the earth, beer boats from Dublin, deep-sea sailing vessels, Icelandic, Latvian, or Czechoslovakian ships, white-hulled fruit ships—even fish carriers. The timber ships from the Baltic have their decks piled high with aromatic deal

OFF THE TEMPLE: A collier bound downstream. Some examples of this type of vessel make as many as sixty trips a year and they are recognizable above bridge by their funnels that neatly flatten back on to the deck—as when passing beneath Tower Bridge, for instance, thereby obviating the necessity for the great "jaws" of the roadway to open, and eliminating the consequent stoppage of traffic

GIANTS: *Belgenland*, London's largest liner, with three slender funnels, and *London Mammoth*, London's largest floating crane. Other giants coming above Greenwich are the Cunarders, Furness Withy, and "Beaver" boats for Greenland Dock, Rotherhithe. As they slew across the stream for the entrance they seem to fill the whole waterway. Yet other major vessels in the Thames are the meat boats from the Antipodes and the Argentine

# LONDON'S GREAT STREET paved with WATER

For the sight-seer the winter months are dead if he seeks to examine in comfort the waterway at his door—

"The great street paved with water, filled with water, filled with shipping,
And all the world's flags flying and seagulls dipping."

With Whitsuntide the pleasure steamers start their run to the seaside resorts of the estuary and the Port of London Authority renews the arrangement of weekly Docks-and-River trips which was so successful last year. The fleet which voyages down to Margate is now reinforced by the fine, brand-new *Royal Eagle*.

John Masefield's words quoted above are extremely apt, because the ships and the flags and the birds are there to be seen by the voyager. He may see really big ships, of tonnage up to 14,000, within 3½ miles of London Bridge; he may see the biggest ships that come to the Port actually inside Greater London at the Royal Docks, North Woolwich, and other very big ships inside Tilbury Docks.

Strange flags, too; vessels registered at ports in Latvia or under Czechoslovakia. Most baffling of all, even to old shell-backs, the flag of the Icelandic steamer which comes twice a year to London—red cross with white border on navy blue ground—and (for she carries mails) a gold crown and silver bugle on one corner of the flag.

Because they are so important to Londoners I dare choose to assign pride of place to the vessels of the collier fleets which continually come and go between us and the north-country pits. Some of them make more than sixty trips in a year and we recognise them "above bridge" by their funnels which neatly flatten back on to the deck. Most striking and rather picturesque to the eye are the Gas Light and Coke Company's colliers with the coloured rays on a silver band round the funnel and such names as *Flamma*, *Fireglow*, and *Homefire*. You may sometimes note, too, a tall coal elevator moving majestically along with a pair of attendant tugs.

And the stout Thames tugs go about their business everywhere from Gravesend up to the City and beyond. The last word which ought ever to be applied to them is "fussy," yet it is so often pinned on to the tug. The commonplace work of the smaller tugs is to tow lighters, while the heavily engined tugs hold their course manfully along by ocean liners and manœuvre them into or out of dock entrances. But whichever be their task they are never *fussy*.

Less conspicuous, but regular in-and-out pilgrims, are the several fish-carriers for Billingsgate Market; and the showy, white-hulled fruit-ships berthing at a Pool wharf. They bring bananas, as do other white-hulled steamers which use East India Dock. Up to the Pool (for London Dock) come the "beer boats" from Dublin, one flaunting the name of the "good for you" liquor very prominently. As the summer months pass the full tide of the soft-wood timber carriers flows into the river, their decks piled high with fragrant deals from the Baltic.

The giants coming above Greenwich are the Cunarders, Furness Withy, and "Beaver" boats for Greenland Docks, Rotherhithe; as they slew across the stream for the entrance they seem to fill the river clean across. Other big fellows which turn aside in Galleons Reach for dock are the many refrigerated meat ships from Australia, New Zealand, and South America. The moment they reach their berth there begins the movement of frozen carcases to the waiting road and rail vans across the quay.

Nor must the voyager overlook the smart coastal passenger boats for Newcastle, Dundee, or Aberdeen—speedy and comfortable, and not making "song-and-dance" about their job. Unspectacular but reliable are the various cross-sea and continental traders; dingy, perhaps, but in and out two or three times a week, getting on with the job; Hamburg, Antwerp, Dunkirk, Rotterdam, Brussels for their other home.

And the sailing barges: undisturbed as yet by the hand of time, though doing less work these days, some on which hay bales are heaped high, many carrying cement, an odd one with barrels, may be. On the river they call these "sailormen." The deep sea sailor (I hate that word "wind-jammer") does visit the river still, and you may meet the *Archibald Russell* or the *Ponape* or others of Erikson's Finnish fleet with grain from Australia, possibly the *Lingard* or *Killoran* with "firewood," or some other stray survivor.

The aristocrats, East-going P. and O.'s and Orients, mostly stay at Tilbury. All the ships I have mentioned you may chance on between Tower Pier and Sea Reach.

A. G. L.

# ROUND ENGLAND'S SHORES

HARVEST OF THE DEEP: Fishermen at Flamborough, Yorkshire, auction their catch on the beach. One of the most anachronistic of sights is the morning fish market held at super-civilized hyper-luxurious Brighton

"PUTCHER" FISHING on the River Severn. The baskets are placed on frames across the ride and the fish swim against the current into the open end. At low tide the fisherman collects any stranded fish. Owing to the swift flow of the tide, the fishermen have to work quickly

A WEDDING IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS was held three miles off Bridlington, when Chief Officer Jorgerson and Froeken Henning, both of Norway, were married in a motor coble

ALL THAT WAS LEFT of the French schooner, *Maria Regina* of Vannes, which recently grounded on the Doom Bar, Padstow, Cornwall. The vessel was sold by auction and was purchased by a local builder for £17 10s. Her cargo of pit props was salved. She was broken up

SAVED BY TARIFFS: Pea-shellers of Covent Garden are given employment by the fact that the duty on imported shelled peas is thrice that on unshelled peas

WATER SPIDERS constructing the curious bell-like silken chambers beneath the water-surface. These chambers are open at the bottom. The domicile is filled with air-bubbles brought down attached to the hairs of its body

TADPOLES: Quaint little creatures which swarm in the ponds after hatching. Vast numbers of them fail to reach maturity, falling a prey to many aquatic enemies. The hind legs of frogs and toads, the fore-legs of newts, first appear

# WAR DECLARED

## In Pond and Stream

The truce that has generally held throughout winter has been broken by the early promise of summer suns. War in the ponds and streams has broken out with renewed vigour and frightfulness. Love-making and home building nevertheless proceed normally, though millions of lives are sacrificed in the unending battle of the waters and the unsatiable hunger of its denizens.

And the victory is not always to the great. Those who have taken up the fascinating study of pond life will bear witness to this. A smallish insect with cannibalistic instincts frequently proves more than a match for creatures many times its size. It is not only the great war, however, which encourages the patient observation of students, but the extraordinary transformations, the variety of the participants, and the constant changing of the settings and actors.

Then there is that extraordinary development of individuals from ugly formless blobs to vigorous swimmers, and then, one day, as in the case of the dragonfly, the emergence from mediocrity into the glory of colourful flight; a moment on the edge drying the gossamer wings, and then, the brilliant flash of iridescence in the summer air.

And now when the buds and blossoms of trees are unfolding, and the seedlings push their way through the soil, frogs, toads, and newts are also awakening to activity. The young eels or elvers enter the rivers from the sea in countless numbers; the tench which has been resting in a torpid state beneath the mud of the river bed during the cold months, comes forth from its hiding place, while other fish also respond to the approach of the season which proclaims the time of mating and spawning.

The male stickleback prepares a home for his prospective family by collecting small pieces of grass, roots, and floating straws, which he carries to the bottom of a stream in shallow water and fashions into a muff-shaped nest—the materials being held together by means of mucus threads secreted by his kidneys.

The male bitterling assumes a bright-coloured livery of violet, gold, red, and emerald green during the spawning season, and in this gay attire goes forth to seek a mate. The female lays her eggs within the shelter of a living fresh-water mussel, in which situation they remain until hatched. While she is thus engaged the mussel liberates her own embryos which become attached to the bitterling and are carried about by their host during the early days of their development. In due course the immature shellfish take leave of their companion and, having been transported to quarters which they could not have reached unaided, settle down for the remainder of their lives.

Bleak are interesting little fish which congregate in shoals in swift-running streams and swim near the surface. A pigment, known as "essence d'orient," is obtained from their scales, and this was formerly used to a large extent in the manufacture of artificial pearls.

The ponds, as well as the rivers, are at this time of the year full of animal life. Frogs, toads, and newts, that pass the winter upon land, enter the water to lay their eggs which are enveloped in a jelly-like substance. The spawn of the frog is deposited in large masses which float upon the surface of the water; that of the toad is laid in long, rosary-like strings entwined round reeds; while the eggs of newts are laid singly or in small batches.

The tadpoles that emerge from the ova pass through a series of transformations before they attain maturity. At first they have no legs, but these eventually sprout out from the body.

Aquatic insects, such as water spiders and water beetles are to be found in ponds. Of the latter, the so-called "water-boatman" is curious in the fact that it swims upon its back and breathes by means of its tail. It is carnivorous in diet, and feeds largely upon tadpoles and newts.

Taken singly, these creatures appear harmless and simple, but viewed under the microscope they present a far from passive aspect, and their actions are only comparable to bitter guerilla warfare.

W. S. B.

"WHITE FISH": A glittering party of goggle-eyed beaux of the river, more usually termed dace. This species and roach are jointly known colloquially as "white fish" because of their argent sheen. As the two types are similar in appearance, there is some difficulty in distinguishing one from the other; the roach, however, may be recognized by the red tint of its eyes and fins as well as by the greater depth of its body. The most handsome of our fresh-water fish is the perch with its barred olive body and red tail and head

THE TRITON, which is alternatively the Great Crest newt. Newts, like frogs and toads, pass the winter upon land, but enter the water in Spring to lay their eggs, which are enveloped in a jelly-like substance. In contradistinction to the floating masses of frog-spawn and the "rosaries" of toads, eggs are laid singly or in small batches

HELEN OF THE EFTS: A capricious female leads two dandy males a dance through the pond vegetation—a study of common or smooth newts. The young of newts, starting as tadpoles, develop first the forelegs, while frog and toad tadpoles develop the hind legs first. All tadpoles have an arduous struggle for survival

# WILD LIFE IN THE EAST

WEAVER BIRDS which make their singularly comfortable nests actually by weaving. The nest is suspended by a loop, and its entrance (at the bottom) leads to an ante-chamber which leads to the nest proper. The nests, which are built in colonies, look like a cluster of flying-foxes

IN THE SHADE OF THE CASUERINA TREE: This remarkable picture acquired by a recent photographic expedition to South-West Africa shows one standing and one couchant Gazelle in a copse of Casuerina trees. The graceful delicacy of the creatures with their fan-like ears, large and lustrous eyes, and slender legs, gives them a curiously feminine aspect

A TREE OF FOXES: A number of flying-foxes hanging in their invariable position—head downwards. Vulpine in face, they are, in fact, akin to the bat, which they resemble save in preferring to spend their sleeping daylight hours in trees instead of in caves. They are a pest to fruit farmers and average a wing spread of 3-5 ft.

A NOTABLE CAPTURE! A baby hyena caught in the course of a recent Abyssinian Expedition. The long rangy and cruel lines of the adult are as yet invisible at this age, and despite the powerful odour these beasts emit, this young specimen became a pet amongst his captors

# WANDERING RIVERS

## And Lakes In Central Asia Tracked by Sven Hedin

FERRYING CAMELS: A remarkable example of Asiatic transport seen on the Konche Darya below Yu-li-hsien—an area on the borders of Tibet, Mongolia, and Eastern Turkestan—where the movements of a "wandering lake" bid fair to re-open a route closed for 2,000 years

A LOCAL CANOE on the Konche Darya. *On left* is the Kum Darya—another so-called "wandering" river whose course alters through long stages immeasurably influencing transport. One such variation will bring China four weeks nearer this area in Eastern Turkestan and Tibet

THE CAMEL TRANSPORT assembled at Hutyertu-Gol. So many beasts were required on this expedition that it looked like a military expedition

A remarkable phenomenon which has influenced the great traffic routes of the past and is still a factor of importance is told in Sven Hedin's new book, "Across the Gobi Desert." When at the beginning of the fourth century the Tarim with its tributary, the Konche Darya changed its course and turned off towards the south-east and south, and the terminal lake wandered into the southern part of the desert, and when, as a result of this, the northern waterways and lakes near Lou-lan dried up, the old trade route and military road between Tun-huang, Lou-lan, and Kucha, lost its importance, and communication with the West along this line was cut off and came to an end. Now a new and mighty swing of the pendulum has carried the flowing, as also the stationary waters, back to the north again into their old beds in the Kum Darya and the lakes near Lou-lan. Thereby have been produced anew the same conditions as prevailed 2,000 years ago, and the old intimate connection between Tun-huang and Lou-lan has at the same time been restored. What these incisive changes mean to the great Republic of China it is easy to understand. A new through route to Kashgar for motor traffic will be possible. All the above illustrations are from this interesting volume. (Routledge)

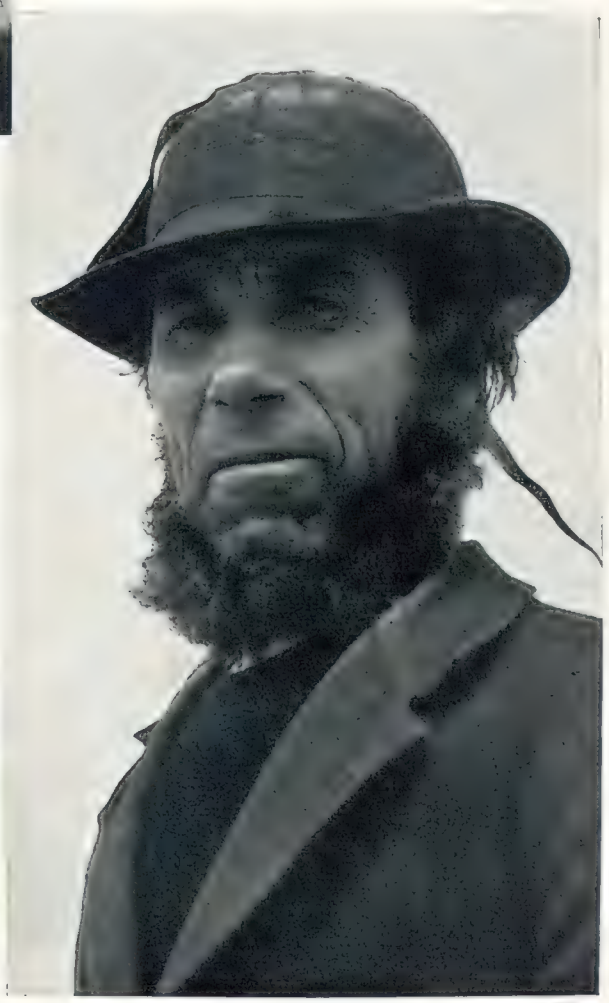
# BRITTANY GOES PARISIAN

THE UNIQUE HEAD-DRESSES of Pont Abbé, the only place where they are worn. They have just bought the score from an itinerant fiddler who has been playing the latest hit from the boulevards and it will soon be on everyone's lips

OPINION DIVIDED between two generations (both of which wear the Pont Abbé head-dress) on the subject of a song hit from Paris. The visit of the peripatetic musicians with sheet music and megaphone marks a Red Letter Day

*Inset above*—CONNING THE SCORE: A Breton peasant follows the music he has bought while listening to the musicians singing it through a megaphone

THE ENTRY OF A SONG from Paris into a Breton village, in which all windows are flung wide to hear it. The fiddlers sell the score and also give singing lessons through a megaphone



SARDONIC AMUSEMENT characterizes the attitude of this old Breton fisherman as he watches the antics of the musicians and villagers of Pont Abbé on the Red Letter Day of the formers' visit

# THE INDUSTRY OF

## The Fantastic Figures that Jazz, Gramophones, Music-Publishers, the Great Hierarchy of the to its Rank and

By CHARLES

MR. JACK HYLTON, the leader of one of the most popular of dance and variety jazz bands and the controller and director of several other bands. A relief pianist making £600 a year twelve years ago, Mr. Hylton now earns over £20,000 a year

Somewhere or other at home is a remarkable illuminated diploma which was presented to me in 1917. It reads, "This is to signify that Mr. Charles Graves of Red Branch House, Wimbledon, is fit to grace any ballroom." It was the result of half a dozen lessons in dancing from a local professor; a nice, sad little man who had the greatest difficulty in teaching me the one, two, three, and one, two, three of the waltz, because I always started off on the wrong foot. I rather think he taught me the polka, too. In 1924, at Le Touquet, a very small Frenchwoman tried with equal grit to teach me the tango at the Normandie. It is not for me to say how successful she was, but I can well recall that in the following year I was at Cannes, and someone dared me to ask a pretty Argentine to dance with me. I dared. We danced, and—believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—she gave me a hundred francs at the end of the dance. True, she did not accept my second invitation to dance. But the fact remains that she thought I was a gigolo, or shall I say a professional dancer like Max and Tony and the other experts in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs.

It is my lasting regret that I did not frame that *cent francs* note to show anyone who might since accuse me of treading on their toes. But then I knew they would not believe the story, or would say that I had simply blackmailed the girl into giving me the money not to dance with her again. A year later, at Monte Carlo, I had a long talk with a gigolo, who told me that one of his colleagues made £1,600 in a single season. The title of this article must at first sight cause most people to think of dancing as an industry in these terms. Well, they will be disappointed. It is true that at Quaglino's, the Savoy, the Kit Cat, Ciro's, and elsewhere there are professional dance-hostesses or dance-partners or floor-warmers who are paid anything from £5 to £12 a week as a flat salary, and make another £3 or £5 a week in ten-shilling and twenty-shilling tips. But that is only the fringe of the subject.

Dancing, to-day, is an industry in the true sense of the word. Moreover, it is an industry which begets others. Look at dance shoes. True, the pump has been killed except for Courts. But the laced evening shoe for men is made by the hundred thousand. Look at dance frocks. If we did not go out dancing our womenfolk would not want one-tenth of the dresses they ask for now in order to be seen out at night. Silk stockings, orchids, water waves, permanent waves, manicuring, all kinds of beauty culture, are really offshoots from the dance industry. It would be impossible, though, to tot up this total. So I shall confine myself to the legitimate, straightforward branches of the dance industry—that is to say, schools of dancing, dance orchestras, dance halls, dance records, dance music, and the smart dance clubs and dance restaurants in the West End. Even then the money involved in the dance industry is gigantic.

Taking dance orchestras first, we have four men earning an average income of £18,000 a year. They are Jack Payne, who is estimated to earn £35,000 a year; Jack Hylton, whose income is something over £20,000 a year; Ambrose, who confesses to an income-tax of £4,800 a year; and Jack Harris, who earns something over £12,000 a year. They are the Big Four—two ex-pianists and two ex-violinists. Under them come about sixty saxophonists, tuba players, pianists, guitar players, violinists, drummers, and the like, who earn anything from £2,000 a year to £5,000. The majority of them are paid anything from £20 to £35 a week for playing every evening in the restaurant or club which employs them, and several times a week take part in gramophone-recording sessions for which they are paid anything from £4 to £6 a session and after-midnight private parties where there is a similar range of payment. Six of Jack Hylton's band are paid more than £35 a week. The gross earnings of the band each year are more than £80,000. Jack Hylton also employs three orchestrators, who earn anything up to £1,750 a year apiece. At the other end of the scale there must be more than 100 copyists who do band parts in the bulk at £5 a week each.

The highest-paid dance musicians in the country are: trumpet, Max Goldberg; saxophone, Howard Jacobs; pianist, Carol Gibbons.

Henry Hall, the leader of the B.B.C. orchestra, gets £5,000 a year. Several of Ambrose's men at the May Fair make between £3,000 and £4,000 a year. The actual cost of this band to the May Fair Hotel is £412 10s. each week. Now do you wonder why caviare cost 5s., and a bottle of champagne twice what it would cost you at your wine merchants? Oh yes, dancing is an industry all right. Ambrose, who first made his name as an orchestra leader at the Club de Vingt in New York, is the doyen of dance orchestra leaders. "Somebody said that we people are under-educated and over-paid," he laughed. "Well, it's quite true. As for people like myself, there are violinists who are earning only £2 a week who know much more than I do about the technicalities of playing the fiddle."

Jack Hylton spoke in much the same vein to me. "It's silly," he said, "to think how much we earn compared with engineers or scientists who really produce something that is helpful to the whole community and even to posterity. It's not our fault though that we earn so much more than Cabinet Ministers and people like that." More than 3,500,000 dance records made by Jack Hylton's band are sold every year. Nearly 1,000,000 were sold of "Rhymes" alone. Twelve years ago Jack Hylton was a relief-pianist earning 12 guineas a week. Three weeks ago he took his band to the Trocadero Cinema at the Elephant and Castle to play dance music. The previous highest attendance was when Charlie Chaplin's film, *City Lights*, was supported by Laurel and Hardy in *Gaol Birds*. On that occasion 83,000 people paid for admission. When Jack Hylton played dance music as the support to two non-star films, over 97,000 people went to see him.

But there is no doubt that he and his men work hard for their money. His chauffeur, who drove for King Alfonso and Lord Louis Mountbatten before entering his service, told me that in one week, in London, he drove Jack Hylton 963 miles. For he was "doubling" at East Ham and Croydon, and had to make two appearances at each place daily. "I never knew what work was until I started to work for Mr. Hylton," he went on. "Once we drove from Dieppe to Biarritz in a day." On other occasions Jack Hylton and his band have had to fly from point to point on the Continent. One night they were due to appear in Birmingham, when Citroën, the motor-king wanted them to play for him in Paris. He paid for the cancellation of their Birmingham engagement, chartered aeroplanes to take them across the Channel, and more aeroplanes to take them on to Hamburg. The music for that New Year's Eve ball cost the millionaire a trifle over £2,000.

The other day Ambrose's band was engaged to do the synchronized music for the film version of Michael Arlen's novel *Lily Christine*. They played for three hours in the morning, and for four more in the afternoon. That cost £500. Jack Harris's band cost the Embassy Club £13,000 a year. Jack Harris now controls, with his partner, five bands. Apart from his orchestra at the Café de Paris (where he personally is paid at the rate of £5,000 a year), the gross takings for his other bands last year were £36,000. Once his band at the Embassy played for one hour and fifty-five minutes without stopping. For the Prince of Wales was on the floor. If that is not industry, what is?

I could go on for pages about the astonishing fees that dance orchestras receive. There is a tuba player, who earns nearly £4,000 a year. A violinist tells me that it costs him £70 a week to maintain his status in life.

It was the Savoy Hotel which first popularized dancing in public, unless we are to reckon with the Sunday night dancing at Claridge's before the War. At the Savoy they started those Public School dances. They also started to broadcast dance-music with their Savoy Orpheans. Another piece of enterprise on their part was an effort to introduce the tango in 1926. To-day their two orchestras—Geraldo's and Howard Jacobs'—cost jointly about £30,000 a year. Fantastic, isn't it? At the other end of the scale are the three orchestras at the mining village of Ollerton which vie with each other in obtaining employment at twenty shillings an evening for the whole band. Speaking generally, the vast bulk of experienced dance musicians earn about twelve to fifteen pounds a week. Then there is the jump to the £1,750 a year mark, soaring dizzily up to the heights where their income tax is greater than the Prime Minister's salary.

Meantime, the jump in importance from the relief pianist of twelve years ago to the dance orchestra leader of to-day is not much greater than that of a man like Santos Casani compared with my "professor" at Wimbledon. Santos Casani's overhead is more than £7,000 a year. Yet he pays a whole lot of super-tax. His dancing academy in Regent Street extends over

MR. SANTOS CASANI with his partner, Miss Jean Mence demonstrates. The Casani school buys gramophone needles by the 50,000 and records at the rate of £200 a year. Even in slump days he employs fourteen teachers

SWAYING IN SYNCOPATION: Jack which are immensely popular. This pic entire band sways to and fro singing, and this typically Hy'tonian entertainment

THE LOCARNO AT STREATHAM is one of which cater for the mass — the type of its clientèle and the shillings it pays. The halls of this class, being encored three or largely owing to the mass production

# DANCE

## Dancing, Schools, Musicians, Achieve. The Inner Story of Dancing World from its Leaders File Revealed

GRAVES

two whole floors, and the average number of dance lessons given every day is ninety. True, when the Charleston came in, he and his staff gave as many as 280 lessons in a day. But even now he has fourteen instructresses fully employed. Number Ninety Regent Street is a human factory. If you are a beginner it costs you a guinea for three lessons. One man took as many as twenty-two. Casani buys his gramophone needles by the fifty thousand, changing his records and needles fourteen times an hour. His bill for gramophone records alone is more than £200 a year, and he says that there are at least two thousand other dancing schools in the country. His own teachers are paid between £2 and £6 a week, and receive in addition one-third of the fee paid by their individual pupils. Sometimes elderly men who are about to be married come and ask for lessons, and their future wives do the same. Tactfully they are not informed of each other's presence. Sixty-five per cent. of his clients are men, and he takes care never to teach them eccentric steps.

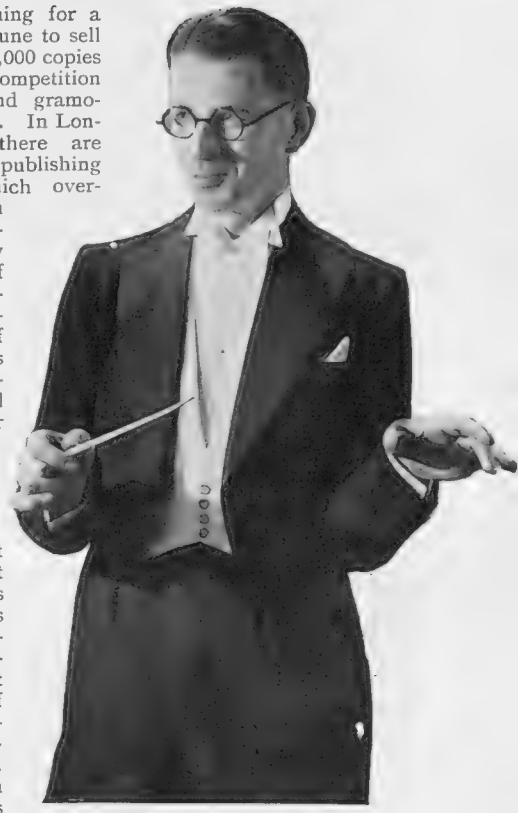
Eccentric steps very nearly killed the dance-teaching profession. Throughout the world there are nearly a thousand men and women who teach the smooth Casani method. These pay 10, 12, and 25 guineas merely to receive the description of a new dance from him. Others have a mail order service of £5 a month to receive the latest tips. Others pay 10 guineas a year for general instructions about dancing. Exhibition dancers who are about to undertake engagements in Casinos and dance halls come for advice and a final polish up. That will cost them 25 guineas. Once Casani himself was paid 150 guineas for twenty minutes' dancing with his partner at a dance hall in Scotland. He also teaches dowagers and débutantes how to do a Court curtsey, at half a guinea a time.

Exhibition dancing is all part of the industry. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, followed by Moss and Fontana and Maurice and Leonora Hughes and Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry, were the top-notchers at this. Moss and Fontana earned in America as much as £500 a week. For exhibition dancing you must either be smooth and slick, humorous, exciting, or unintelligible, so Casani says. £250 a week is the highest fee paid in this country for exhibition dancing. As for that other offshoot of the industry, ballet dancing, there are about five thousand teachers of ballet dancing in this country, and I am not counting folk dancing. Ballet dancing, popularised by Diaghileff, will always be popular, and will always command high prices and great attention. It is true that the real stars like Pavlova, Lopokova, Karsavina, Massine, and, perhaps, Dolin, can be counted on the two hands, but it is none the less a living force and employs any number of people.

The invention of new dance steps of the ball-room variety is a difficult matter. Either an artificial cocktail is made from two foxtrot steps, two steps from the tango, the waltz, and the quickstep; or else some clever teacher makes a mistake on the dance floor, extricates himself neatly, and then elaborates the latter manœuvre. But neither of these two methods really draws the town nor creates a new vogue. The dance industry, as exemplified by the teachers of dancing, draws down the real money when a new rhythm appears on the dance floors. The Charleston is an excellent example of this. People rushed off to dance teachers because they could not make an improvised foxtrot suit the time of the music. It was the same with the Yale Blues and the Paso Doble. Whether they liked it or not, the public had to buy lessons to be at ease on the dance floor. If the Rumba had not been so infernally difficult, the rhythm of the Peanut Vendor and other tunes would have brought the crowds running to the dance academies. For years the dance teachers have tried to make us think that the Tango was going to return. It never did—outside the tea dances at the Savoy. But now it is doing so. The reason is simple. Tango dance records and sheet music are being manufactured in large quantities. The result is immediate—not so much in the smart West End resorts, which are only a flea-bite on a camel's hump, but in the big dance halls like the Astoria in London, the Ritz in Manchester, the Regent in Brighton, and the Locarno at Streatham. Tangoes are encored three or four times, instead of the usual two as with foxtrots and waltzes.

Now indeed we are coming to the heart of the dance industry, and are dealing with the 100,000 in men, women, and shillings. Casani estimates that more than 800,000 people go dancing during the course of the year. I do not know where he gets his figures from. But here is one from the Gaumont British Company which controls only seven dance halls in London, Birmingham, Brighton, Morecambe, and Liverpool. The attendance last week was 25,000, which works out at 1,300,000 for these seven halls alone in the course of the year. Then there is the Tower at Blackpool, which alone must have at least 50,000 dancers a week, and different ones what is more, when one wake follows another. The Marine Hall at Edinburgh, Sherry's at Brighton, the Palais de Danse at Wimbledon, are only a few of the large ones. When I was at Nottingham the other day I was told that at one of the dance halls there the average weekly attendance easily ran into five figures. All over the country people are dancing. The Performing Right Society, which receives lump sums ranging from a guinea a year to a couple of hundred or more on behalf of the composers and publishers of dance tunes, has more than 10,000 hotels, dance clubs, restaurants, and dance halls on its list. The B.B.C. pays £57,000 a year to the Performing Right Society, of which a high proportion is in connection with dance music, as all wireless enthusiasts will realize.

Another angle of the dance industry which keeps hundreds of people employed every year is the publication of sheet music. Ranging in price from 6d. to 2s., it is no uncommon thing for a single dance tune to sell more than 50,000 copies despite the competition of wireless and gramophone records. In London alone there are twelve music publishing houses which overshadow in size and importance any twenty firms of book publishers. Yet another side of the industry is the manufacture of musical instruments for dance orchestras—banjuleles, saxophones, xylophones, and bandoleons. It is hard to get any figures here as far as the mass production is concerned. But the prices of these instruments are considerable. Apart from Ambrose's violin, which is said to be worth £700 and Billy Bell's tuba which is valued at £300, saxophones cost anything from £20 to £60. A bandoleon, which is only a glorified concertina, can cost as much as £50.



MR. HENRY HALL who has replaced Mr. Jack Payne as the leader of the B.B.C. dance orchestra. He is quiet in style and is a *rara avis* among dance band leaders in that he uses a bâton

And now we come to the Tiller Girls, a very important part of the dance industry. Yesterday I had a talk with Mr. Lawrence Tiller. Mr. Lawrence Tiller has trained no fewer than 700 girls in the past few years. They take two years' intensive training before they are polished enough to appear on the stage. Some of them start in child-troupes. Others are taken in hand at the age of fifteen or sixteen and join a troupe at the age of seventeen or eighteen. Eighty-five per cent. of them leave to get married by the time they are twenty-six. Most of them come from Manchester, and after six years in a troupe they know the majority of the hundred routine dances which they are taught.

You must not confuse these Lawrence Tiller girls with the John Tiller girls. Neither lot will thank you if you do. In Paris there is a club where all the English chorus girls meet before and after the theatre. It is in the rue Duperre in Montmartre. As the matron told me on my last visit, "They come in like duchesses—these Lawrence Tiller girls. They have a special room in which to eat, and they talk to practically no one else. This place is full of sects. Talk of the Picts and Scots—they are not in it."

Lawrence Tiller girls are paid £6 a week on the Continent, £12 a week in America, and £4 a week in England. Each troupe of sixteen girls has a "Captain," who is paid £10 a week. At the present moment there are twelve Lawrence Tiller troupes appearing in various parts of the world. They have danced in every capital of Europe from Copenhagen to Rome.

Of the John Tiller girls there are at the moment 200 appearing in various parts of the world in troupes of twelve, sixteen, or twenty-four. If you can get permission to see the "factory" in Great Newport Street, do so. There are always about twenty raw recruits who are being trained, and varying numbers of experienced girls who have returned from some engagement abroad and are being polished up with new routines for their next stage appearance.

As far as ballroom dancing is concerned, there seems to be little diminution in its popularity among the masses, despite all the competition of wireless, gramophones, and cinemas. For 1s. 6d. a girl can enjoy herself for four hours in a dance hall. In Scotland and the Midlands and the East End, the young generation are dancing mad. Every week-end thirty-five charabancs are chartered solely to take people from the south and east side of the Thames to the Palais de Danse at Wimbledon. And each charabanc holds forty people. The older people do not dance as much as they did. They are finding that the standard of dancing in the big halls has risen as fast as the standard of lawn tennis during the last ten years, and that rabbits are rather frowned upon. It may be that members of the Embassy Club shuffle round a dance floor the size of a handkerchief, without any pretensions at proper dancing at all. But in the big dance halls the average couple puts to shame the dance teachers themselves of 1920. Dancing for the factory girls and the clerks is a relaxation and a tonic and a drug all in one. It gives them a change of scene, exercise, and a sense of romance under the coloured limes and to the croon of an exotic tango. It is on this that the dance industry is built. It is because of this that the dance industry, with all its ramifications and bye-products, is one of the most important in the country involving literally millions of pounds a year.

Hylton's band specializes in "hot" numbers has to be heard to be believed.

the most notable of the popular dance halls organization that thinks in six figures, both for tango has achieved a surprising popularity in four times as compared with other dances' twice— of tango records and sheet music

AMBROSE AND HIS BAND: The leader of this band pays in income tax a sum almost equal to the Premier's salary! Jazz enthusiasts claim he is not overpaid! for his music is worth listening—as well as dancing—to

# HARLEM—A BLA

## New Pictures by Dr. Bloch of New

WHERE THE NEGRO ENTERTAINS THE NEGRO: The theatres in Harlem are patronized almost exclusively by blacks, although a few years ago there was a definite movement emanating from the ultra-smart to make of the negro centre a resort of pleasure

TWO LITTLE NIGGER BOYS: The "public" schools of America —which are not the counterparts of Eton and Harrow, but of the board school, to which Americans of all but the Anglophile plutocracy send their children—are open to black and white alike. The typical American of Penrod—created by Booth Tarkington—numbered two negroes among his intimates

FOOTBALL IN THE STREETS: A large proportion of the yo Harlem, roller-skating, baseball, football, as well as the m of the city the colours of the players will be mixed, but easies and cabarets, as a village in the Belgian Congo.

A BELLE OF HARLEM: The well-to-do negro woman patronizes beauty parlours and, instead of having a permanent wave, has a permanent "straightener," to eliminate the characteristic negroid "kinkiness." The modes of Fifth Avenue in shoddy copies permeate as far as 128th Street

TRANSPORT OF CLOTHES: So sartorially conscious has the negro population become that frocks that have been cleaned must not be packed in boxes which crease them. A clothes-hanger on a rod suspended by brackets fixed on a trolley is now used

Of all alien quarters set in the cities of the world—the Ghetto of Hamburg, the Chinatown of 'Frisco, the Quartier Latin of Paris, the German colony of Milwaukee, the Black City of Harlem in New York is, perhaps, the most remarkable. "Nigger Heaven," as it is colloquially termed, is a complete organism living within the body of New York, but as self-contained and separate as a globe-fish in the interior of a shark.

Two years ago, before the slump brought to a tragically sudden stop the heyday of American prosperity, the simile could with truth have been extended, for the globe-fish ends by slaying its mighty host, and Harlem bade fair to slay New York. For under the pretext of Democracy, and with a self-conscious broadmindedness that was infinitely more offensive in its patronage than the whip of Simon Legree, the Smart Set and many sets of the would-be smart turned Nigger Heaven into White Man's Hell. The illicit saloons, the jazz dance-hall, the coloured theatre and cabaret were not merely places to go and see by way of a stunt, but were meeting places where the worst elements of both worlds—the vicious White and the sensual Black—mingled in a promiscuity revolting to British and Southern American sensibilities.

# CK CITY IN THE HEART OF A WHITE ONE

## rk's Negro Colony at the North End of Central Park

THE CHARM OF THE PICCANINNY is seen in Harlem, as in the Southern States. The average New Yorker regards them not as golliwogs but as "cute, cunning little kids"

STREET SCENE: The matutinal marketing is, among the negroes, as among the lower-middle class whites, an excuse for gossip, but the black has an even more infinite capacity for small conversation. Harlem yields to the psychologist a series of studies showing the Blacks now akin to, now separate from, the Whites

BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE BLACKS: A well-to-do negro has his shoes shined while chatting to an acquaintance. The polychromatic sense of the black is, perhaps, the most highly developed of his characteristics, with the result that his—or her—sartorial efforts are apt to be vivid. Shirts of silk striped in alternate satin bars of scarlet, purple, or emerald will conflict screamingly with glaring hump-toed yellow shoes, and an orange tie

h of New York play on the "sidewalks," although not of the street-arab class. In re usual street games, are to be seen in full swing after school hours. In other areas arlem is almost as negroid, save at night when the "slumming" parties visit speak- espite the vulnerability of a black to a kick on the shin football is a popular sport

SIESTA IN HARLEM: The area is almost as much an institution in this district of the City as it is in London, and the blacks gossip much as do the lower orders in English slums over the railings. *Inset on left* is a typical vignette of negroid childhood. What chocolate is to an English child, or ice-cream to an American, water-melon is to the black. Their capacity for the fruit is fantastic

Harlem to-day, now that "Josephine Bakerism" no longer attracts in New York, however is merely a negro colony almost exclusively inhabited by blacks, yellows (mulattoes), "High Yellows" (quadroons), and all the infinite variations of coloured blood that a mixed population seems inevitably to entail. They live their own lives, animated by their own (not over-exalted) ideals, served by members of their own race—and free to pursue their several avocations unhindered by the inferiority complex that the presence of whites—no matter of how degraded or degrading a type—invariably involves.

The colony dates only from the War, with its fantastic wages consequent upon an equally fantastic shortage of labour. The negro is of all races comparable only to the Orthodox Jew in his clannishness. When the negro grew well-to-do despite his proverbial extravagance, he took dwellings in the new quarter originally designed for prosperous New Yorkers. Like black sheep his fellows followed, until north of Central Park, between Fifth and Seventh Avenues, there evolved an area of some sixty or seventy streets that are Black — black as the Ace of Spades.

# BOOKS:

## Bülow Whitewashes Himself at the Expense of Everyone else: Sitwell on Mozart: Gore on Gore: Richard Aldington, Hater of Humanity

By CECIL ROBERTS

It may be said of politicians these days that they seldom fail. They can lead nations to the massacre, bring them into bankruptcy, and then sit down and write their reminiscences and receive a large price for the story of their incompetence. It would appear, from the stories told by the politicians who brought about the Great War, that every one of them strove desperately for peace, that they were never war-minded, that they foresaw the precipice towards which civilization was drifting, that they could have saved the world but for the stupidity of their colleagues. One wonders, indeed, how ever it came about that the nations succeeded in going to war. One fact emerges from all these eloquent defences. The villain of the piece was that flippant, cynical-minded Count von Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Secretary. The politicians of the world are unanimous that the blood of some five millions is on his hands. It is part of the irony of Fate, that, whereas Jaurés and Tirza died at the hands of the people they sought to deliver, and Death has since been busy with most of the chief protagonists of the War, Berchtold still lives on in comfortable retirement. He has not yet, I believe, published his memoirs. When he does I have no doubt that he will be equally adroit in showing how badly the other fellows behaved, how he strove desperately for peace, how he foresaw all that was coming, and was defeated by the dark forces against him.

The third volume of Prince von Bülow's *Memoirs, 1909–1919*, is now published (Putnam. 25s.) It continues the devastating task, begun by the ex-Chancellor in the two previous volumes, of revealing the Kaiser Wilhelm as a vain, irresponsible, semi-lunatic. As this book covers the years 1909–1919, the War years and those which saw the downfall of Germany, it is easily the most interesting of the three remarkable volumes which have so deeply stirred Germany by their frank revelations. While it is clear that Prince von Bülow never allowed the truth to inconvenience him, while he carried out a Machiavellian policy without a hint of apology, the elements of truth in this prejudiced narrative are not difficult to discern. He succeeds in burying the reputation of Bethmann-Hollweg, "that thin-skinned and pretentious chancellor, full of a sense of his own superiority, very easy to offend," the man who employed private spies to watch Bülow during his retirement.

*Sasha*

MISS CHRISTINE FOYLE, an attractive and clever young member of the famous book firm. In addition to Journalism, Miss Foyle is interested in business and is shortly going to Russia to try and regain for Foyle's the business in school books lost when "Arcos" was closed

Bülow dictated these memoirs, for publication after his death. There are no reservations therefore. The outrageous Berchtold in Vienna, and the weak Bethmann-Hollweg in alliance with the irresponsible Emperor in Berlin, allowed Europe to slide into War. With the utmost cynicism Bülow records his private opinion, and then quotes the public statements he made or the telegrams he sent. Thus Queen Alexandra was "deeply touched" by Bülow's telegram on the death of King Edward, but in the same paragraph that quotes this fact, he states: "The death of King Edward was of the greatest assistance to our foreign policy. I do not think he really wanted to fight us, but inspired by hostility to his nephew, by his fear of our economic rivalry, and the accelerated rhythm of our naval tempo, Edward created difficulties and whenever he could, would put a spoke in our wheel."

By the twist of events, the War broke out just at the time when Bülow had written an address to the Anglo-German Club urging the closest relations between the two peoples.

He acquits the Serbian Government of guilt in the assassination of the Archduke. When he heard that the Austrians had been given *carte blanche* for military action against Serbia, Bülow knew the worst had happened. "I began to realize with terror that already we must be bound hand and foot to the policy of Count Leopold Berchtold, whose frivolous incapacity far exceeded even Austrian standards in such matters." According to Bülow, Lichnowsky in London blundered by informing the Kaiser that England would be willing to guarantee French neutrality if Germany would abstain from attacking France. He had misunderstood a message from our Foreign Office, "Emperor and Chancellor read this telegram not with mere sighs of relief, but in transports of such almost delirious joy as proved both their love of peace and political candour." The Kaiser was awakened in the middle of the night by his valet, to be informed that King George, in response to a wire from the Kaiser accepting the conditions, had replied that he was entirely unable to understand these German suggestions. After that, the mobilization had to run its course. The dogs had been unleashed. When Bethmann met the Kaiser at the station on his return from a North Sea holiday and announced the news, offering to resign, the Kaiser answered, "You've cooked this broth, and now you're going to eat it."

This book is a monument to human folly. Between them, these "statesmen" massacred the nations. They all died comfortably in bed, or retired to their estates after the storm. Now they write their memoirs, dedicated to the folly of the other fellow. Bülow's engrossing book makes another deadly inscription on the tombstone of nationalism.

### RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Jacobite Movement," by SIR CHARLES PETRIE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. net); "Empress in Innocence (Marie Louise)," by M. E. RAVAGE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net); "The Book of Amber," by Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON (Benn. 15s. net); "Official History of the Gallipoli Campaign." Vol. II, by Brig.-General C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER. Maps by Major A. F. BECKE (Heinemann. 15s. net); "The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre," by M. C. DAY and J. C. TREWIN (Dent. 7s. 6d. net); "Grandfather's Steps," by JOAN HASLIP (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net); "Old Wine and New," by WARWICK DEEPING (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net)

Let us turn to another whose birth was a blessing and not a scourge to humanity. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has given us a short monograph on *Mozart* (Peter Davies. 5s.). It is admirably written, with a brief sketch of the life of this child genius, and an appreciation of his work. The little boy born at Salzburg, son of the violin-master to the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, learned a minuet and a trio in half an hour on the night before his fifth year. He was taken to Court to play, where his infectious ways endeared him to all. After he had played, he sat in the lap of the Empress and threw his arms round her neck. He started brilliantly, touring Europe with his sister.

He was the rage in Paris at seven-and-a-half, and was received at Versailles during the Royal banquet on New Year's Eve, the way cleared for him and his sister as they marched through the crowd, behind the Swiss Guard, to the side of Louis XV and his Queen. Next, they played before the King and Queen in England. But it all led to nothing. Mozart was back again in Salzburg, neglected by the Prince-Archbishop, where he composed at a furious rate. Worn out, he died at thirty-five, so poor that he was buried in a pauper's grave, and to this day the body has never been found. "Thus died perhaps the most gifted human being that has ever been born. It was death's most dreadful achievement. The only loss to humanity that can compare with this came thirty-seven years later, and also in Vienna. This was Schubert." Mr. Sitwell has given us a most readable short biography.

Mr. John Gore, in *Charles Gore, Father and Son* (Murray. 3s. 6d.), gives us a brief portrait of his famous uncle, the Bishop of Oxford. A fuller life will probably appear, but Mr. Gore is fortunate in his ability to present an intimate family portrait. He sets the scene admirably, with a brief ancestral sketch. The Hon. Charles Gore, the Earl of Arran's grandson, who married the daughter of the fourth Earl of Bessborough, was a seventh child of an impoverished young aristocrat. There was no money for his education in that Irish home, so that he never went to school, and when he was appointed page to Lord Wellesley he used the pittance he earned for a course of instruction in arithmetic! Later in London, moving in the fashionable set, he was often in dire straits, but it was still the age of patronage, and at twenty-eight, after acting as secretary to Lord John Russell, he became the Commissioner of Woods and Forests at a salary of £1,200 a year. He was safe for life. Their youngest son and fourth child, Charles, the Bishop, was born in 1853, in a house at Wimbledon, of which Mr. Gore says:

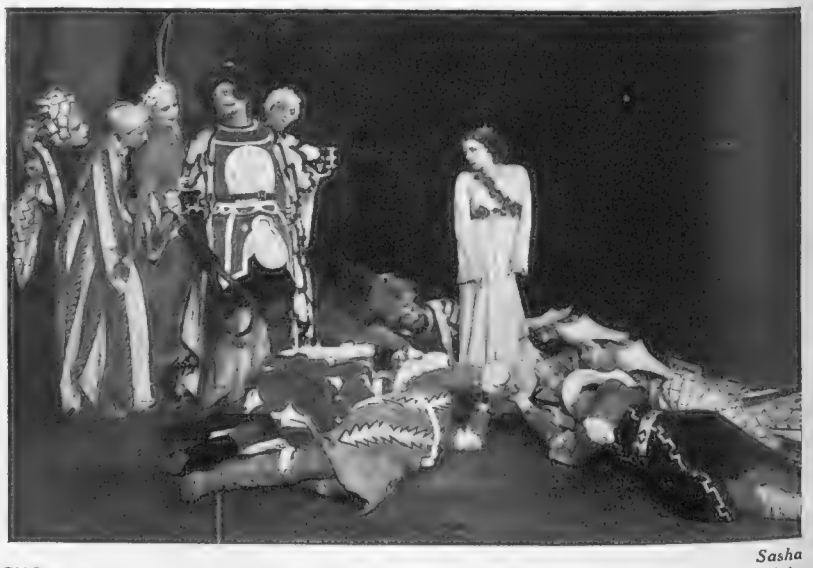
"The memory of that house is, for me at any rate, the precious memory of a Victorian upbringing in the still-living traditions of the great Whig days. The private language of the Whigs was still heard on the lips of the oldest generation. Gold was goold, lilac laylock, bracelet brasslet, yellow was ialo or jaller, china cheyney, balcony balcony, sovereign suvereign, envelope was pronounced as in French, the h was dropped in hotel. Coffee was inexorably pronounced cawfee, governess was governess—the 'o' as in 'of,' a carriage was quite often a charrot . . . at Wimbledon no advances disturbed habits of thought which had their origins in an age of Privilege and of a ruling class."

The vigorous bishop emerges from the pages of this engaging memoir. "I have never found it very difficult to forgive my enemies, but I do sometimes find it difficult to tolerate my admirers," said the Bishop, but he would forgive this sketch of himself which combines admiration with intimacy.

Mr. Karel Capek, who startled Europe with his play, *R.U.R.*, and has since charmed us with his travel papers, now emerges as a writer of short stories in *Tales from Two Pockets* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). He approaches his subjects from one point of view, that of showing the delicious absurdity of humanity. There is the famous poet who built up his fame on his passionate defence of a young man charged with murder. After long years his championship succeeded, for him to find that the young man was not grateful; his advocacy had only made the authorities stubborn, and caused them to dismiss an appeal. Moreover, the man confessed to committing the murder, and thereafter continued to borrow money from the famous poet. There is also the tale of the State official who hid some valuable documents in the pantry, and had them stolen. All kinds of grand inspectors were stirred to activity by the loss, but it remained for a simple police officer to find the papers. Burglars are divisible into categories. Those who worked on shop-fronts, those who worked on safes, those who worked on pantries, etc. This being a pantry theft it was clear who was the culprit. Obviously Mr. Capek, when he is not sorry for humanity, is amused by it. These twenty-six stories are all most readable.

*(Continued on p. 206)*

"THE DUBARRY": Miss Anny Ahlers in the title-rôle of the new musical entertainment at His Majesty's, with Mr. Heddle Nash, her poet lover, with whom she is going to elope when the message from the King arrives



*Sasha*

CHOROGRAPHY *IN EXCELSIS:* The Robber Count (Mr. Dennis Wyndham) about to carry off the Nun (Miss Tilly Losch)

# PLAYS:

## One Superman Undramatically Dramatizes Another: Vile Bodies and Vile Faces: An Indifferent Green Room Rag Review

By PHILIP PAGE

If Mussolini's play at the New Theatre *Napoleon—The Hundred Days*, runs a hundred nights I shall be pleased, for it is a mightily serious and conscientious piece of work. Browning was put on the stage recently in a play equally serious and conscientious, which enjoyed an enormous run, and the author is reported to have made already over £100,000 out of it.

On the reckoning that Napoleon Bonaparte was a more interesting figure than Robert Browning, the Duce ought to scrape in at least a million pounds over this dramatic effort. Unfortunately this is a false method of reckoning. At the risk of being arrested by the Fascisti when next I go to Italy I venture to think that the Great Man will be very lucky if he makes a million lire out of his Napoleon play, for it is as dull as any play can be that is also sensible.

The clash of wills, the struggles of a super-man against ineluctable fate, the moving of destiny, the awkward habit the gods have always had of letting a human being soar up to dizzy peaks of fame and achievement and then flicking him with a finger down to an abyss of nothingness out of sheer cussedness—those were fitting subjects for the Greek dramatists five and twenty centuries ago.

One gets at the New Theatre the feeling that at any moment one may be lifted on to this plane. But the lift obstinately sticks and no amount of bell-pushing and gate rattling will shift it. The Greeks never forgot that however lofty their subject, it was their primary duty to make a play out of it. Signor Mussolini and his collaborators have been so occupied with the size of the events with which they are dealing that they have left the play to take care of itself, which no play has ever been able to do yet, and remain a play.

One of my most esteemed colleagues, in the course of a eulogistic account of this production, turns his only adverse criticism on to the point that occasionally "the smell of the grease-paint obtrudes itself." Does it? My nose for this sort of thing is pretty keen, and I did not get one whiff of it. If I had I would not have found the evening so tedious.

For grease paint is what plays need. I do not object to a play smelling of the theatre; it is what a play should smell of, and we may as well be honest about it. So long as the drama is used as a medium of expression (and a stage-presentation intended), it must be dramatic. What a play should not smell of is the library, and that is what is wrong with *Napoleon*. I have on my shelves Alison's *History of Europe* in ten beautifully-bound volumes—they were a present for a good boy in the days before razors figured in the personal budget—and they deal just as completely as does this play with the escape from Elba, the Hundred Days, Waterloo, and the rest of it, and for sheer excitement they are about on its level.

With no undue optimism can one take it for granted that the bulk of the audiences at the New Theatre know that Napoleon in 1814 and 1815 was a man whose powers and whose star alike were waning. They probably know, too, that Fouché was a wily and untrustworthy opportunist, that Napoleon's mother was a plucky old woman, and that her son was defeated at Waterloo and sent to St. Helena. So much, therefore, of the long, round-table discussions telling us what happened or what was likely to happen were beside the point. Occasionally some clever actor scored a small hit by saying a speech with dramatic elocution. Here I could mention Mr. St. Barbe West, Mr. Frederick Lloyd, and Mr. A. B. Timson. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Fouché looked appropriately sinister, and Miss Maisie Darrell as the Comtesse Walewska looked amazingly pretty.

Mr. Robert Atkins is a very good actor who, in addition to the cares of producing a difficult and elaborate play, which he has done very well, had to take over the huge part of Napoleon at short notice. I cannot pretend that his performance was wholly successful; but it was a plucky *tour de force* nonetheless and the physical resemblance was satisfactory.

Only vile minds could trace any impropriety in *Vile Bodies*, which I consider a most moral play. It is, in the first place, calculated to kill any ambition to belong to the set known as the Bright Young People—or to whatever set has succeeded them. I did not read Mr. Waugh's book; yet the play which Mr. H. Dennis Bradley has founded on it at the Vaudeville Theatre is, in so far as it is a play at all, an entertaining one, though far too long and weighed down by certain episodes which should be cut out altogether, not because they are wicked but because they are tedious and silly.

Such thread of a story as holds the thing together is concerned with a contemptible young couple who are supposed to be engaged but are devoid of both money and the brains wherewith to make any. They are languidly rude to each other over the telephone, the youth writing smutty novels and running up a big bill for champagne at an easily recognizable hotel, dingily rakish. When the youth wins £1,000 by a bet on a conjuring trick he gives it to a total stranger to back an unknown horse with. The girl, having spent the night with him at a country hotel, marries for his money a man she loathes, the boy accepting presents of money from him. Later she takes the boy to her father's house, passing him off as her husband. I do not know whether this precious couple were killed in that mysterious war. I hope so. Anyway, a gossip-writer commits suicide because he is discovered gate-crashing at Lady Somebody's party, and a young girl dies in a nursing-home through giving in her room in that establishment a cocktail and gramophone party before she had sufficiently recovered from concussion of the brain received when driving a racing motor-car while knowing nothing about such abominations. I am surprised she had enough brains to concuss.

All the members of this nasty crew insult each other, insult their hosts, cadge money from anybody, are utterly cruel and callous, and talk like quarter-educated pin-heads. But it is amusing to see them under the microscope and watch them wriggling. And there are some scenes of pure comedy, in two of which Mr. Athole Stewart, as an old colonel, figured delightfully. Another amusing contribution comes from Mr. P. Kynaston Reeves.

Miss Eileen Peel, as the girl who makes the loveless marriage, gave the impression, in the course of a true comedy-performance, that the character was not fundamentally the dirty little rotter she seemed. Perhaps that was not the author's intention. Mr. Esmé Percy's sibilant languor won many laughs, and in a cast as long as a battalion roll-call there were innumerable clever people.

*Vile Bodies* provides any number of portraits from life, and on the first night a well-polished and well-perfumed audience of the be-paragraphed discussed the exactness of the various likenesses, to the accompaniment of "darlings" lisped at the rate of six a sentence.

After *Vile Bodies*, vile faces. For even the loveliest face can look nasty when it is in the chair of a beauty parlour, covered with towels or masked with mud. The whole of the first act of *Faces* at the Comedy Theatre is occupied with talk in a beauty salon in Bond Street. The talk was as cheap as the beauty treatment was expensive. I managed to gather, among the near-Cowardisms and a preposterous exhibition of "comic" cockney, that Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, being treated in one cubicle, was a kept woman whose protector, after ten years, was about to return to his wife, that Miss Kate Cutler, in another cubicle, was a vain old thing, who paid gigolos to go out with her, and that Miss Cecily Byrne, in a third cubicle, had lost her husband's affection, and was talking over her troubles with the young lady in attendance, played by Miss Jane Baxter, who shingles her vowels as well as her hair.

Act II was much better, because it was more sincere. Miss Baxter is in her Streatham home and bored by its homely monotony, complaining that everything there is "always the same." Since Miss Baxter is such a stickler for variety, I would counsel her to drop occasionally the accents of gentility and realize that there is nothing really common about acting. She has a pleasant *ingénue* personality; but it is the job of an actress to use such emotional range as is in her whenever circumstances demand. If she has not that range she is wasting her time and that of everyone else in the building. Refinement is not even of secondary consideration. Miss Cecily Byrne acted Miss Baxter right out of the cubicle in the scene they have together, largely because she was sincere and gave no impression of worrying about minor matters.

Mr. George Elton and Miss Buena Bent were life-like as the suburban father of a family and his wife; they must drop in and have tea with the suburban family of a similar brand in Mr. Ivor Novello's play at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Harold French made the nice young man, who worked for the Gas, Light, and Coke Company, and was just in time to prevent the heroine running off to live with a married roué, both nice and manly. At least half of this play is fair entertainment, and it has the merit of getting better as it goes on. The authors—there are two of them—should write quite a good comedy next time. But they must not pop in nasty little words and phrases under the impression that these will be acclaimed as daring or clever. That is a form of realism the stage can very well do without.

*As You Like It* is not one of Shakespeare's masterpieces; Bernard Shaw called it "a Bedford Park sort of play." But *What You Like* is not even a good revue. I found it a hotch-potch affair put on at the Fortune Theatre at, obviously, no great expense, in order to see whether what frequently constitutes a tolerably pleasant Sunday evening in the form of a Green Room Rag, has in it any commercial value or elements likely to appeal to the general public.

But I can scarcely believe that the standard of the Green Room Rag is not above this. With the exception of a burlesque-heroic sketch by Mr. Austin Melford, the material was wretchedly poor, and such experienced performers as Mr. Edgar Norfolk, Mr. Henry Caine, Miss May Agate, Mr. Robert Horton, and others were almost completely defeated.

Mr. Jack Hobbs was funny for a few moments and Mr. Laurence Anderson's impressions of certain of his fellow players are always interesting. But a random collection of feeble sketches, varied by turns such as that of the "jazzy band" (the point of this escaped me completely), do not constitute the sort of fare with which West End audiences, growing more and more exacting, are likely to be satisfied.

*Sasha*

THE TOWERING HEAD-DRESS OF THE ESCAPED NUN: Miss Tilly Losch in a scene from *The Miracle* which is packing the Lyceum with its unique appeal and marvellous presentation. Long queues form in Wellington Street

ENSEMBLE in *The Cat and the Fiddle* at the Palace. Miss Peggy Wood is behind the table, Delysia on the right, and Francis Lederer in the foreground

*Pollard Crowther*

AT THE GATE THEATRE: Miss Dorothy Dunkels and Mr. Derek de Marnay in *The Pleasure Garden*, by Beatrice Mayor, the latest production at the Gate Theatre. The theme of this play is the futility and general unsatisfactoriness of life. It has more than a flavour of Tcheckovian sterility

# NOMADS of the SAWDUST RING

A JOKE WITH THE CLOWN: It would seem that, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, the clown is not always a gloomy type outside the ring. The naive charm of the circus folk is clearly to be seen in this picture. It is no wonder that circus scenes attract the brush of Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

THE "SPOT" HORSES: A scene outside one of the smaller travelling or "tenting" circuses which derive their artistes more from native talent than do the big shows. Though a precarious life it seems a gay one

TWO HANDSOME HEADS: One of the magnificent horses that are to be seen in the small itinerant circuses that play "one night stands" in small villages throughout the length and breadth of the country

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: The canine jockey is taught, with infinite patience and infinite kindness—a feature of circus life the world over—a new trick. The horse has to be as patient as trainer or dog. These pictures were taken by Mr. P. Habberton Lulham

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## OPEN AIR RURAL INDUSTRIES

BLASTING: The Southern Railway uses millions of cubic feet of ballast every year on its track, and the majority is blasted at the railway's own quarries (Meldon), near Okehampton. The placing of blasting chargers is seen above

MINERS WHO RUN THEIR OWN PIT: Some of the unemployed miners who bought a field at Farrington Gurney, near Wells, Somerset, on which coal was found. Every man who works in the pit is a shareholder

WITH HIS "MONKEY" UP: Timber felling is now in progress in one of the large forests of Hereford, the county in which small timber is carried in a "monkey"—a sort of inverted trestle—by means of which one man can carry considerable loads of wood. It is used in the same manner as a hod for bricks, and fits, yoke-fashion, on the right shoulder

## AQUATIC ACTIVITIES

EEL-SPEARERS are now at work at Reculvers, for the season is now in full swing. Three-pronged spears are dug into the mud and a skilful—or lucky—fisherman may catch as many as 10 lb. of fish an hour

ELVER DELVERS! Scoop nets, whose design dates back to Roman times, are employed on the River Severn to catch young eels which swim close in to the banks. Large numbers of elvers are exported to Germany for stocking rivers

RE-STOCKING HIGHLAND RIVERS': Members of the Arbroath Angling Association stocking the River Lunan at Boystack Mill, near Inverkeillor, with 10,000 fry (5,000 brown trout, 5,000 Loch Leven)

TROUT FARMING IN SOMERSET: Tens of thousands of trout are bred on the Avon and Tributaries Angling Association's farm at Freshford, near Bath. The fish are bred primarily for the re-stocking of the local streams, but many of them are sent to all parts of the country. The annual re-stocking of the River Frome has just taken place. Members of the association are seen above re-stocking the Frome at Freshford

## NOTABLE RUSTIC FIGURES

BUSY AT EIGHTY-THREE: "Old Charlie" West, who at his ripe old age runs his own farm at Redford, Sussex, and carries on the industry of spur-making for thatching and fencing. He averages to splice 700 branches a day

"*STRONGER* THAN IRON BANDS!" Joe Price, a Gloucester smith, is a former weight-lifting champion, and his feats of strength are the sight of the district. He is seen above bending a tractor "tyre" by hand

SPRING-TIME IN THE HOP FIELDS: Kent is not the only hop-growing country, and hop-growers around Pershore, Worcestershire, are of the opinion that they can grow the best hops. They have a special system of stringing the hops, which is now in progress. The strings are looped and tied over the wires by means of long sticks

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A MADONNA OF THE SEA: Down to the rocks of Biarritz's magnificent coastline pours this procession of Basque youth to take part in a ceremony at the Madonna of the Rocks

ONE OF THE NEWEST OF ITS KIND: The Hôtel Miramar at Biarritz is placed right on the edge of the splendid bay with its own private terraces rising one above the other. There is a fine beach below



ST. JEAN-DE-LUZ: Along the coast south of Biarritz there extends a succession of attractive resorts. St. Jean-de-Luz combines historic interest with its other attractions

CATTLE OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY have their heads protected and adorned with the most picturesque woolly headgear

CAMERA IMPRESSIONS by the COAST at BIARRITZ

There are no fewer than five distinct plages at Biarritz; all of them possess particular advantages either for bathing or swimming or promenading. The yellow sands present clean golden stretches under the brilliant sun

# BIARRITZ

## —Its Gay Modernity and Splendid Sea Front

It is possible to form preconceived ideas about famous places, which are not necessarily erroneous, but which may very well be incomplete. This was certainly the case with Biarritz, which I visited a few weeks ago. The rock-bound promenades were there with the figure of the Madonna gazing out on the white-crested billows, but I was unprepared for the extent and varied charms of this gleaming, ivory-white city by the sea. Hotel after hotel, shining palaces set in their own grounds appeared in apparently unending succession. Each one had its own advantages, I found, but personally I was captivated by one of the newest—the red-tiled, terraced Miramar—a great sheer window in the lounge frames a scene which it is hard to leave. Set in the centre of this moving picture is a picturesque island rock, pierced with a tunnel through which the billows thrust their impetuous way. Others smash their strength against the seaward face of the rock, mount it, and descend, a waterfall of immaculate white, towards the spectator.

But one cannot sit there all the morning—there is so much to do and see and it will be there at lunch-time, for the same view is visible from the dining-room. One must go out and explore this wonderful assemblage of rocky esplanades, bathing-pools, casinos, and tempting modern shops set on gently undulating streets all within sight and sound of the most wonderful sea on Europe's coast. One does actually stop to gaze out at the foaming, crashing sea-horses even while one is engaged on a particular errand.

"Pardon, monsieur, where can I buy a really good béret?"—for everyone wears the béret in this land of the Basques. At that very moment you turn your head—a superb crester has combed over and has spouted 40 ft. into the air. But monsieur understands; he is proud of his Biarritz and we duly find an excellently appointed shop, modern, but with the spacious French air.

But we must press on. There is a well-appointed golf course with a pleasant English secretary to be seen *en route* for Bayonne. For Bayonne and Biarritz are in many senses one. The good citizens of Bayonne, that famous old fortified town on the Adour, have known the attractions of the Biarritz rocks and sands ever since sea-bathing became popular. A guide-book writer of 1830 tells how they disported themselves in the *bains d'amour* of the Vieux Port of Old Biarritz. It is but some fifteen minutes by autobus or electric tram from one place to the other—a pleasant, villa-lined route which just gives one time to pick out one or two points in the history of this fascinating land. Its connection with Edward III of England and the coming of Dunois (of Joan of Arc fame) to Bayonne, and the building of a great tower of defence there, and later the appearance of Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, upon the scene.

Then there follows a succession of the royal and the great—Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Great Britain, all contributing to the growing reputation of this wonderfully placed resort until it became, as a French writer has put it, *la plage des rois, la reine des plages*.

But here are the twin spires of Bayonne's Cathedral, rising blue-grey above the old walls of the city; an itinerant circus is in full swing. You drop off here, attracted by the beating of drums, and finally find your way through a passage under the walls into the splendid Gothic interior of the Cathedral. All around the streets descend to the river-level; all—or nearly all—seem to be arcaded with attractive little restaurants, cafés, and chocolate shops to attract the visitor when his energies require reinforcement. Down by the placid green waters of the Adour one discovers the fascinating Musée Basque, housed in an ancient building and furnished completely in the Basque fashion. Nearby is another museum which houses the finest collection of pictures outside Paris. It was gathered together by Léon Bonnat and bequeathed to his native city. Some of the rooms are devoted to his own excellent portraiture, and the remainder to a collection of old masters, including especially drawings by Rembrandt, da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein, and Ingres, which come as an unexpected joy.

Bayonne is but a beginning. There are dozens of other spots in Basque land (there are three Basque provinces in France and four in Spain) to be visited if one would form but a surface impression. So one must away through the mountains to St. Jean Pied-de-Port, over bridges crossing rushing torrents, skirting the Pas-de-Roland and other attractively named cloud-piercing spots, and what a lunch awaits one at the old hostelry overlooking the cascade in St. Jean. Fortified, one emerges to climb torfuous streets and visit the weirdest "prison des évêques" which one can find in many a long day's

BUILT ON ARCHES: All the riverside houses in Bayonne have this characteristic feature. Projecting eaves shelter the top storey windows from the sun

A FINAL GLIMPSE OF THE PYRENEES can be obtained as one drives out of Biarritz. There is a typical peak with a Basque farmhouse in the foreground

CHALLENGING THE BISCAYAN BILLOWS is this arched rock at Biarritz. It presents a splendid spectacle when the breeze urges the billows on from the Bay

IN THE FOLDS OF THE PYRENEES lies the ancient town and gateways, but at later periods the town has grown

# BAYONNE

## —Its Historic Charm and Picturesque Present

Illustrated by PERCY HOME

IN FUENTERABBIA still bigger eaves shelter the houses from the sun in this picturesque town near the Franco-Spanish frontier. Church and castle crown the hill

wandering. These dungeons with their veritable chains and metal neck collars are made for a thrilling film setting. The whole of the little town is full of memorials of its past history of famous bishops and warring chieftains. If the visitor is lucky he may encounter a party of Basque dancers in the oldest of traditional garb—embroidered trousers, aprons, and hobby-horses complete. These mysterious Basques do not forget their old customs, nor does their language change, although the Pyreneean peaks one would think would inevitably affect their Spanish brethren across the frontier. But no, all speak precisely the same tongue—"Zazpiak bat"—the seven are one.

Another expedition from Bayonne takes one south-west along the coast, where there is being constructed a new corniche coast road, from which splendid sea views greet one at every turn. Through Guéthary we dash to St. Jean-de-Luz, a pleasant little place which combines historic interest with the sunniest of sea beaches. Louis XIV and the Infanta Marie Thérèse resided here in houses which still look down on the busy little streets. Here, too, the architect can study typical examples of Basque houses—deep eaves, wooden balconies, and recessed pillared frontages. And for the artist there are the gaily painted boats in the harbour shouting a joyous note of colour.

Then on to Ciboure and Hendaye, both well supplied with excellent hotels and pleasant beaches and the same marvellous Biscayan sea.

At this point one reaches the Spanish frontier—"Passports, Messieurs"—oh, bother—but all is well and easy for the visiting tourist to Fuenterabbia or San Sebastian. At Irun all seems very much as it has been, the uniformed Spanish guard might still have Alfonso as King for all one can tell as the car moves across the bridge to Spanish territory.

Balconies are more ebullient than in French Basque land—they protrude generously over the highways. The people are a little more southern looking, or so one thinks. The road winds its way towards Fuentearabbia, perched on a rocky finger, water surrounded on this northerly point of Spain. The way to the main street of the town lies through a gateway in the fortifications, and then Spain does burst upon one.

This steeply-rising cobbled street is no longer France, although it may still be Basque-like in touches. Huge wooden eaves try to touch one another; curious citizens look down from intriguing balconies as you plod your way to the doorway of the church. Inside the candles gleam on a velvety dusk; scores of people are kneeling beneath the dim Gothic roof; a massive castle crowns the height.

In all matters of sport they do themselves very well indeed in the Basque land. There is fox-hunting in the grand manner with the smartest of kennels, golf at courses innumerable—the sandy pine country is admirably suited for the designing of really good eighteen-hole courses. There are several in close proximity to Biarritz and an admirable one at Hossegor a little to the north.

And the local games—pelota stirs the blood merely to watch it. When I visited the Fronton Plazza Berri, there was a young cassock-clad priest playing a splendid game, a demonstration of muscular Christianity if ever there were. The tennis enthusiast will find courts almost wherever he happens to want them, and everywhere there is health in this superb Biscayan air laden with the incense of tens of thousands of pines.

IN OLD BAYONNE: The congregation pours out from the great church which crowns the ancient city. Priests salute their congregation as they pause for conversation beneath the old walls

of St. Jean Pied-de-Port. It still possesses its ancient walls and houses have planted themselves against the walls

The problem of reaching this S.W. corner of France by rail does not present any difficulties; the run is an interesting one through some of the most famous cities of France—Orléans, Tours, Poitiers, Angouléme to Bordeaux, at which point the line becomes electric and one bowls along at a fine pace across Gironde and the Province of Landes. And what a fascinating stretch of country that is—myriads of pine trees, each surrendering its quota of benzine into little cans hung on to the trunk of the tree—succeeded by great open stretches where hundreds of horses can be seen grazing.

If one is coming by car, a stop can be made at some historic point which will increase the interest of the journey. For those who are interested in thermal treatment, a stop may well be made at Dax, on the Adour, the same friendly stream encountered at Bayonne, and there inspection may be made of the most up-to-date methods of treatment for one of the trials of life—rheumatism. Away on the right is a pine clad country with a beautiful boating lake and golf course and country club to which brief reference has already been made. To sip one's coffee on a sunny morning by the lakeside at Hossegor is an experience not readily forgotten.

*For particulars of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau see pp. 202-3*

BASQUE DANCERS ASSEMBLE: The tap of the drum and the windy notes of the fife can be heard on holidays under the old walls of St. Jean Pied-de-Port

BASQUE MUSIC: In their smart red coats and bérets these hearty musicians discourse sweet music from their circular hunting horns

LA CHASSE AT BIARRITZ: The scarlet-coated huntsmen with their pack cut a very fine figure at the kennels

GOLF AND VARIED SPORT are found in a delightful setting by the smiling waters of Hossegor Lake

## SPORT and the DANCE in the BASQUE COUNTRY

The folk song and dance are everywhere to be heard and seen in the Basque country. The "Danse du Verre" is one calling forth the greatest nimbleness on the part of the dancers

# PERSONS AND PERSONAGES

A LEGAL DÉBUT: Mr. Nicholas Hastings, the son of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., whose first brief is in connection with a £1,000,000 action

AT A NOTABLE FUNERAL: Mr. Eamon de Valera (left) and Mr. George Gavan Duffy (one of the signatories to the Irish Treaty) caught by the camera leaving the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, after the funeral of the late Mr. Jeremiah McKeagh, M.P. The Irish President is a very devout Catholic, but his private life inclines to the Puritan in practice whatever it be in theory

DAMPED SQUIBS! Lord Selby, Mr. David Behar, and Mr. R. Mallock, the three bright young sparks who drove to Sir John Leigh's house in Carlton House Terrace, letting off fireworks. They then visited another house, repeating the performance. On their return home, they sent a letter of apology which Sir John Leigh accepted on condition that £100 should be given to charity. The trio is seen above at the Café de Paris celebrating the payment

PRINCE URACH, a relative of the Prince of Wales, and a member of the Würtemburg family, who is holding a one-man show at the Leicester Galleries

ADOLESCENCE: Mr. "Jackie" Coogan—one time holding the position on the screen now occupied by Jackie Cooper—with his friend "Junior" Durkin, enjoy a spare hour in a Hollywood garden. They are playing in the Mark Twain classic of boyhood

BETWEEN THE ACTS: Junior Durkin plays a little baseball, to maintain the fitness stars require, between scenes in the new *Huckleberry Finn* production in Hollywood

# WOMEN
## IN MANY MOODS

MARRIED BY THE MORMON RITE: Captain Woolf Barnato and his bride, formerly Miss Jackie Queagly, who is a member of the Latter Day Saints

*Peter North*

MRS. REGINALD COLCLOUGH—a new and very attractive portrait of a characteristically English type of beauty

A YORKSHIRE CUSTOM OBSERVED: The old tradition of carrying the bride, exemplified at the wedding in Sheffield of Mr. A. K. Garner and Miss Marjorie Fretwell

THE SCULPTRESS AT WORK: Miss Elizabeth Muntz, who is to hold a "one-woman" exhibition at the Coolings Gallery, Bond Street, from May 4—June 4. Miss Muntz—an example of whose work appears on p. 177—was a pupil of Bourdille and Frank Dobson

WELL WRAPPED UP: A charming study of a small bridal attendant in poke bonnet and shawl at the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Douglas Forster, XIth Hussars, and Miss Joan Ismay Fielden of Kineton House, Warwickshire

BY THEIR FEET SHALL THEY BE KNOWN: A panorama showing a variety in footgear taken at a recent sporting event. Zip fasteners on fleece-lined over-shoes, lizard or snake skin brogues over socks, almost masculine shoes worn with almost masculine stockings, the most fashionable type of stout shoes for walking or golf (much the same thing!) with buckles and with laces, and, last but far from least, the old familiar "gum-boots" are seen above. The "bird cage" type of shoe that used to be ubiquitous is only less rare nowadays than the even more one-time ubiquitous Russian boots

# FOR WOMEN

A GEM OF WAXEN ART: The vanity of woman even in youth displayed by a doll used as a child coiffeur's mannequin

PENNILESS: Mrs. Bert Hall and one of her two daughters. Her husband was an American Ace in the Lafayette Escadrille to which Paris organization she is appealing for aid

*Elwin Neame*

MADAME SAWADA, the wife of the First Secretary of the Japanese Embassy in London. Madame Sawada is one of the most charming of her many charming compatriots in Society

AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT: Mlle Matsudaira and Madame Sawada watch the 33rd occasion this event has been held at Kimble

FEATHERS ARE IN: A charming treatment of cock-feathers enhances the beauty of the wearer's profile

THE TREASURE CHEST: A few of the exquisite ornaments found hidden in the home of the late Mr. Frederick Seckel Pepper, Jr., of Philadelphia, an aged recluse. The collection scattered in tin trunks, boxes, and beneath rugs, contained 142 ladies' rings, 16 bracelets, 24 brooches, and dozens of rings and watches for men. The largest of the cluster rings is set with an 11-carat diamond. The collection will be sold by public auction

FOR BATHING IN SUN OR SEA: The latest type of bathing costume is almost backless and is otherwise, while perfectly proper, exiguous in the extreme. The great Apollonian cult has intensified the age-old war between the Grundyism regarded by some as typical of Britain and the modern spirit of freedom

# AT THE END OF THE RUN

when the moment arrives to rest and reflect in peace on the glories of the drive, the fitting hospitality most in tune with the mood of driver and passengers alike is — **AS ALWAYS — HAIG**

**A MILESTONE MEMORIAL:** A curious milestone erected by Colonel Bognell at Shooter's Hill as a reminder of the grim war days. Besides giving the number of miles to London Bridge it gives the distance to Ypres, and details of the casualties in the Salient

**THE MARCH OF PROGRESS:** In order that the old Devil's Bridge, Kirkby Lonsdale, might be preserved, this new bridge has been built parallel to it, and will shortly be opened to traffic. This bridge, which is reached by a short by-pass, spans the river Lune

**STILL GOING STRONG!** Mr. E. H. Pruen's thirty-five-year-old Daimler, which gained first place in the Veteran Car Club rally at Bagshot recently. The car then returned to its home in Somerset under its own power at a steady 16 m.p.h.

**CARS GALORE:** A remarkable picture of Jones Beach, Long Island, New York, showing a few of the 1,400 cars that are parked there by bathers every Sunday afternoon. Each car is so placed as to ensure easy egress from the park

**A NOVEL PARKING DEVICE:** Ribbed concrete spaces are provided in the car park at the Farmers' Trading Co. at Auckland, New Zealand. This method prevents cars from either taking up too much room, or parking too near each other

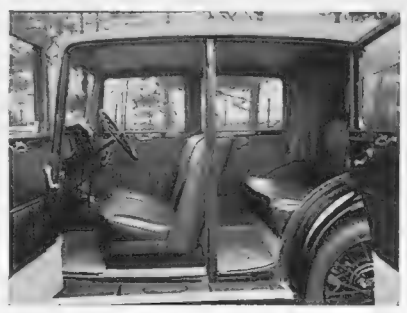
# * THE PETROL WORLD *

## By A. PERCY BRADLEY

*(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

***THE NEW AUSTIN TEN-FOUR.*** — At the time of writing, an event of the greatest importance in the motoring world has just taken place. The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., of Birmingham, have just introduced a new model to be known as the Austin Ten-Four. As its name denotes the new car has a four-cylinder engine with a nominal horse-power of ten. I have remarked in "The Petrol World" on more than one occasion that the Austin Motor Co. have never produced an inferior model. By that I mean to say they do not introduce a new car one year and modify it out of recognition or drop it entirely the next year. As a case in point take the Austin Seven, which has now been on the market for more years than I care to remember and is to-day to all intents and purposes the same Austin Seven that originally appeared. As a matter of fact the Austin Seven according to Sir Herbert Austin himself is the direct cause of the new-comer.

Like every other car manufacturer who produces a successful car hundreds of well-meaning friends suggest that it should be made larger, faster, or altered materially in some way or other. This has happened to Sir Herbert but like a very wise man he has refused to alter the Seven, in fact he wishes to keep it as the Peter Pan car of motoring. He has, however, listened to the suggestions which have been made and has produced this new Ten-Four to take its place between the Seven and the well-known Twelve-Six.



**THE NEW AUSTIN TEN-FOUR:** An interior view of the latest addition to the Austin range showing the generous seating accommodation. An exterior view of the car is seen in the upper picture

***THE POWER UNIT IN DETAIL.*** — The bore and stroke of the four-cylinder engine are 63·5 mm. and 89 mm. respectively, giving a cubic capacity of 1125 c.c., with an R.A.C. rating of 10 h.p. There is nothing freakish regarding the appearance or the design, yet the car has individuality, and is obviously a worthy member of the Austin car family. It weighs 15½ cwt., and is low built, these two factors enabling it to have a very favourable power to weight ratio and good road stability. I am particularly pleased to notice that the sturdy crank-shaft and cam-shaft both rotate in three bearings, which should make the power unit extremely smooth in running. The fuel feed is by pump from a six-gallon tank placed at the back of the car, and a Zenith carburettor finally supplies the mixture to the engine. Ignition is by battery and coil, and all the units of this system are fitted in accessible positions, and I should like to make special mention of the battery, which is held in a special container in front of the dash. Obviously with this lay-out the wiring is shortened, and the driver has the battery under his nose, where it is not likely to be forgotten. The dynamo together with the fan is mounted above the engine.

***EASY GREASING.*** — The power is transmitted by a single-plate clutch to a four-speed twin-top gear box, thence it is conveyed by an open propeller-shaft with all-metal joints to a three-quarter floating rear axle. I might mention provision is made for lubricating the axle and universal joints from inside the car. All owner-drivers will be pleased to hear that greasing points are few, zinc bushes being used on all the bearings of the braking system. Thus, apart from the universal joints, there are only seven nipples all of which are easy of access at the front of the car. The design of the body also shows consideration for the owner-driver, as there is a pleasing absence of extraneous fittings thus making washing and polishing as simple as possible. The coachbuilt body has four windows and four wide doors. All windows are of Triplex glass and a sliding roof easily operated by the driver gives a wide aperture when opened. Other items in the equipment are clock, speedometer, driving mirror, electric windscreen wiper, electric horn, bumpers, shock absorbers, etc. The price is £168.

***A BULB MYSTERY.***—During the twelve months when I had my last car I seemed to have had continuous trouble with the burning out of bulbs in the head lamps and in the side and tail lamps. The other day, on my new car, when I had turned the switch on for the side and tail lamps only one out of the three worked. On investigation I found that the filaments of two had gone. New bulbs were purchased in the ordinary way, but what disturbed me was that the garage-man told me that there was a rumour about that a whole batch of bulbs had been manufactured in a faulty manner, inasmuch as the filament would only stand about 10 volts instead of the customary 12. I can scarcely believe that such a thing could happen and not be immediately remedied by the manufacturers, but it does seem to me that all lamps to-day are far too bright to ensure a long life for the bulb. Can it be that our battery manufacturers are giving us 14-volt batteries when we think we have 12 volts?

It is not a question, as far as my case is concerned, of the dynamo causing the trouble because with the engine shut off and the car stationary I feel certain that the bulbs in the side and tail lamps will have a short and gay life owing to their extreme brilliance. This supercharged effect is even seen in the dashboard light which was so brilliant that I had to have it dipped in shellac in order to tone down the light as it blinded me. Incidentally the dashboard lamp becomes so hot that I cannot touch the surrounding cowl in order to switch it off. I should be very interested to hear what car-lighting manufacturers have to say on this question.

***RACING AT BROOKLANDS.***—There is great activity in the motor-racing world. To-day—Saturday, April 30—will see the British Empire Trophy being run off at Brooklands. The British Racing Drivers' Club, who are organizing the event, have made a departure from usual practice, for this race is a scratch one, so that no complicated handicaps are involved. On May 16 the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club will stage their second International Meeting this year and, on June 3 and 4, the Junior Car Club will embark on their 1,000 Miles Race which this year takes the place of their Double Twelve event. Entries for the R.A.C. International Tourist Trophy Race are coming in well and intending entrants are reminded that entries at single fees close at noon on Monday, May 2.

***A SECRET OUT.*** — Rapid progress is being made with the construction of Lord Wakefield's new speed boat, *Miss England III*, in which Mr. Kaye Don will attempt to recapture the world's speed record from America, and it is now possible to publish full details of the craft for the first time. The boat is being built by Messrs. Thornycrofts' on Platt's Eyot, an island on the Thames, and until now every workman on the job has been sworn to secrecy. She will be 35 ft. in length with a beam of 9 ft. 6 in. In the construction of the hull, two skins of mahogany are used with oiled fabric between. The inner skin is diagonal and the outer fore and aft. A third skin forming the step is built up into the hull from the bow. As in the case of *Miss England II*, a forward rudder will be fitted.

As an example of the accuracy of the work, it is interesting to note that the weight of the hull was within ·05 of a ton of the estimated weight. The boat will be driven by two Rolls-Royce Schneider Trophy type engines, developing 4,000 h.p., and driving through gear boxes to propellers. The two propellers are being machined fron solid blocks of special high tensile steel each requiring 300–350 hours to machine. Owing to the simplification of the controls, Mr. Kaye Don will have only one mechanic with him instead of two as previously.

**IRISH APPRECIATION:** One of the new Lanchester 15-18 h.p. saloons with Daimler fluid flywheel which has been delivered to Mr. Ivan F. Heyn of Belfast. This was the first of these new cars to be delivered in Ireland

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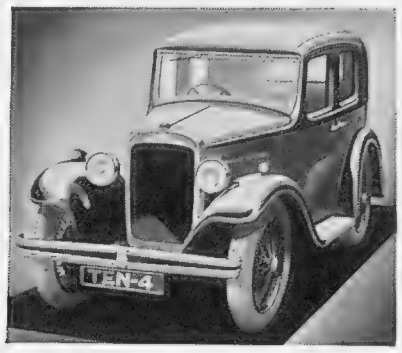


# NEWS it's here

# THE NEW AUSTIN 'TEN-FOUR'—£168

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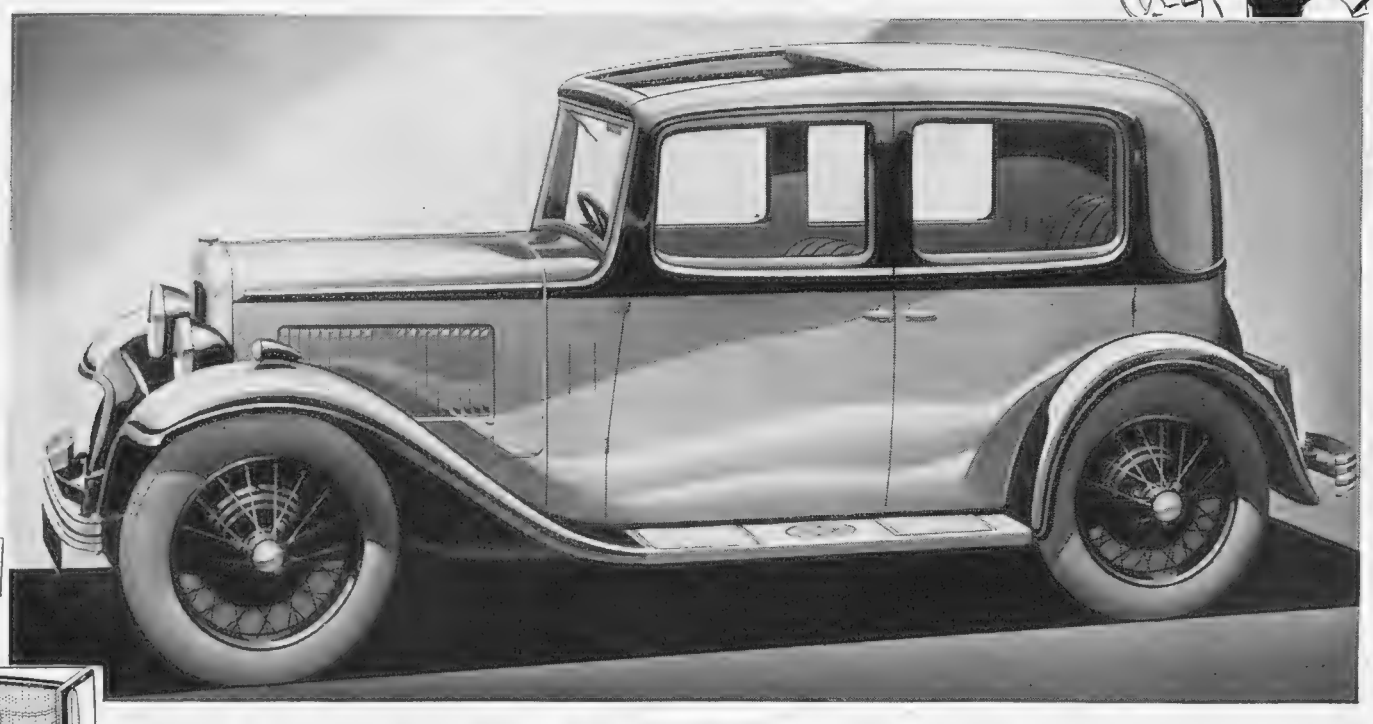

POINTS YOU WANT TO KNOW

Engine: *Four cylinders, bore 2.5 in., stroke 3.5 in. {1125 cc.}* Tax £10. *Sturdy, stiff crankshaft carried on 3 large bearings. Engine suspended at 3 points on Silentbloc bushes to reduce vibration.* Wheelbase *7 ft. 9 ins.* Track *3 ft. 9 ins.* Overall Length *11 ft. 7 ins.* Width *4 ft. 6 ins.* Gear Ratios *5.25 to 1; 8 to 1; 12.8 to 1; 20.7 to 1.* Tyres *4 ins.—19 ins.* Tank at rear, *capacity 6 gallons.*

*{Price at works.}*

SEE THE MAY AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR FULL DESCRIPTION

## True to the Austin tradition— Outstanding Dependability

Here is the new Austin 'Ten-Four'—not an overgrown 'baby' nor a scaled-down model—but an entirely new car, a family four taxed at £10, that takes its place in the Austin range between the world-renowned Seven and the famous Twelve-Six.

Tested with exacting thoroughness, it has nothing experimental in its 'make-up.' It is as dependable as Austin, builders of dependable cars, can make it.

From this illustration you can see the pleasing appearance of the Austin 'Ten-Four' with its four exceptionally wide doors that allow easy entrance to all seats. The special dropped-frame gives a low floor level, more than usual head-room, and plenty of leg-room without the need for floor-wells. With complete equipment, including sunshine roof and bumpers, the car weighs only 15½ cwts.

Its four-speed Twin-Top gearbox makes gear-changing extremely easy, and lubrication points are so few that the owner himself can quickly attend to them. Call round at the nearest Austin dealer for full particulars.

EQUIPMENT *includes sunshine roof, leather upholstery, bumpers and shock absorbers, Triplex glass throughout and chromium finish. Instrument board equipped with oil pressure-gauge, petrol gauge, clock, speedometer and ammeter. 6-volt electric lighting with dipping beam device, side lamps, dash light, rear stop and tail light, electric horn, electric windscreen wiper, interior driving mirror, licence holder, wire wheels, five Dunlop tyres and full tool-kit.*

# AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham: Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

*The Season at the Palace is very sharply defined. It begins on Jan. 1st and ends on Dec. 31st., and is therefore now well under way. Terms include golf, tennis, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema.*

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

# CENTRES OF HEALTH:

By GRANVILL

*Humphrey and Vera Joel*

IN THE SALUBRIOUS WEST: A fountain in the main promenade at Cheltenham—one of the most delightful of English Spas

*"I'll shew thee the best springs."*
Shakespeare's *Tempest.*

The word *Spa* was one which in my childhood fascinated me beyond words. Why was the term spa attached to those towns with beautiful buildings and attractive gardens and promenades that one saw painted in such gay colours in various booklets, describing what benefits were to be obtained from their health-giving waters. It was only later that I found that uncommunicative little word was the name of a watering-place in Belgium famous for its medicinal springs which were mentioned by Pliny. Indeed, it is to the health-loving Romans that we must ascribe the first discovery and constant usage of hot springs and medicinal waters for curative purposes, though, if the legend of Bladud, the British prince, is to be believed, the hot springs of Bath were used for the curing of leprosy some 800 years before the beginning of the Christian era.

Be that as it may, the first known history of our English spas is associated with the Romans. Birdoswald Fort on the Roman Wall, still in process of excavation, runs through Gilsland Spa, so that even the ailing soldiery were not without remedies in that lonely outpost; Droitwich too was known to the Latin conquerors as Salina.

But it is a far cry from those early Roman Baths to the spas of to-day. A supply of medicinal waters does not in itself fulfil the modern conception of a spa; balneology and hydrology have acquired a definite place in scientific therapeutics, and the treatment of a patient at a spa involves as much careful investigation as any other medical case. The spas of England are without doubt the best fitted for adequate cures, containing as they do in their waters sulphates of sodium *and* magnesium, whereas the Continental ones possess only the one or the other. With the six major spas of Cheltenham, Leamington, Bath, Harrogate, Torquay, and Buxton we are mainly concerned.

THE SUNNY SOUTH: Torquay, one of the loveliest of coastal resorts, has, in addition, a considerable reputation as a Spa

Cheltenham is particularly felicitous in its position. The town lies on a gentle slope at the base of the Cotswolds at an altitude of some 200 ft. above sea level. Sheltered on the north-east by Nottingham Hill, on the east by Cleeve Hill, and on the south-east by Leckhampton Hill, its site is especially suitable for the purposes of a spa. To the south and west stretches the open plain with the Severn beyond; farther west are the beautiful Malvern Hills, and south the Welsh Hills. The result of this position is a bright sunny climate peculiarly free from fogs and extremes of heat and cold; from April to August there is little moisture in the air, May in especial being a dry month, while ozone is most abundant in April and May.

The centre of the town is level, but the delightful suburbs of Battledown, Leckhampton, and Charlton Kings occupy considerably higher altitudes. The beauty and good planning of this spacious "Garden Town of England" are well seen from these slopes. Much of it was laid out in the stately Regency period.

The waters of Cheltenham are to be obtained at the three spas: the Central Spa, the Montpellier Spa, and Pittville Spa; the first was built in 1901, and contains a spacious ballroom and concert rooms. Open-air drinking in delightful surroundings is afforded by Montpellier and Pittville Spas. The latter is an imposing edifice built just a hundred years ago in the Ionic order with a colonnade round three of its sides; it is adapted from the Temple of Ilyssus at Athens, and the front entablature is most appositely adorned with three colossal figures of Hippocrates and Æsculapius occupying either angle, and Hygeia in the centre.

*J. Dixon Scott*

THE LAKE JEPHSON GARDENS at the enchanting Midland Spa of Leamington, are among the loveliest in England

The properties of the waters are of a most valuable type, and, as will be seen by comparing the analyses of the different spas, contain a larger quantity of sulphates of magnesium and sodium than any other British spa. The Pittville water is the only natural alkaline water in Great Britain.

Of the greatest importance also from a therapeutic point of view are the surroundings and amenities of Cheltenham. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the beauty and bracing atmosphere of the Cotswolds, while in addition to town amusements there are the joys of tennis, cricket, bowls, polo, archery, and croquet making up the sum of the sunny hours.


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# Six Leading Spas of Britain

## CONWAY

*Humphrey and Vera Joel*

THE PUMP ROOM at Bath, a Spa that has long held a great reputation for social as well as medical amenities

Although a village has existed on the site of Leamington since Saxon days, the town as we know it is of comparatively modern development. Camden in his *Britannia* in the year 1586 mentions a spring that had been used by the villagers in ages past to cure their bacon as "boyling" up. Two hundred years later another saline spring was discovered and used mostly in cases of hydrophobia. A "Dipper" was engaged to dip the sufferers in a tub placed in a ditch near the spring to catch the water. So successful was this remedy that from June 1778 to June 1786 one hundred and nineteen patients were cured.

The discovery of more springs led to the establishment of a pump-room in 1813 and the consequent increase of the place into its present position as second to none of English or Continental watering-places. Here, as in other spas at the time, hundreds of our wounded soldiers were benefited after the Great War. The saline waters are of the muriated-sulphate variety and are radio-active. They may be compared with those of Kissingen and Wiesbaden.

THE SPA OF THE NORTH: Harrogate is not only a thermal resort but a beauty centre as this view proves

"Bath is a charming place, sir; there are so many good shops here. Now, here one can step out of doors and get a thing in five minutes." That was written by that best of all English writers about late eighteenth-century spa society, Jane Austen. "And the Pump-room to be attended where they paraded up and down for an hour"; so that it was not merely for the cure that people went to Bath in those days. And indeed with its well-kept streets and shops and perfect buildings Bath remains the most perfect eighteenth-century town in England.

For 2,000 years the springs, which are the only natural hot springs in England, have been used in the treatment of disease. Roman officers left permanent record of their gratitude in the shape of votive altars, while the wonderfully preserved remains show the importance attaching to the hot springs of Aquæ Sulis in the Roman occupation. The charm and varied interests of Bath are too great to be dealt with in a short space; suffice it to say that the Assembly rooms, that exquisite creation of the two Woods, father and son, after having been used for various commercial purposes has now been acquired by the S.P.A.B. and handed over to the National Trust, so that they will soon become once again one of the show-places of this beautiful town where the grandeur of the Roman age and the genius of the eighteenth century stand side by side.

All the British spas are tonic in comparison with those of the Continent; those of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Bath are the least tonic and sedative, whereas the waters of Harrogate and Buxton are frankly tonic. Such a factor therefore will assume its own importance in the selection of a spa for a particular treatment.

From the geological point of view Harrogate is most interesting, eighty-seven springs in all rising within a radius of two miles near the extreme edge of a large geological upheaval; there are actually over thirty in one small field (Bog's Field). Being guarded by the Pennine Range from the vapour-laden winds of the Atlantic, the climate of the place is more dry and bracing than that of most English or foreign health resorts situate at similar or even higher altitudes.

Torquay has been called the Monte Carlo of England. Its increasing popularity is especially due to the wonderful climate which gives opportunity for the accumulation of reserves of strength in the inherently delicate; and to its situation on the coast ringed with hills and a hinterland of incredible beauty. The town possesses an up-to-date and well-equipped baths-establishment attached to which is a large Vita-glass sun lounge facing south. The water is a natural cold water of the highest degree of organic and bacterial purity.

Buxton was known to the Romans as Aquæ, and together with Bath was used by them. In Tudor times Mary Queen of Scots resorted to Buxton at least four times. The springs are of two kinds—radio-active thermal water of a temp. of 82 deg. Fahr.; and a chalybeate spring the iron being in the form of ferrous carbonate.

SET IN THE DERBYSHIRE HILLS: A general view of the great Midland Spa of Buxton—a most attractively laid-out resort

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**TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R TO THE DRIER SIDE**

# THE GARDEN IN MAY

By MARY HEADLAM

*"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!*
*Rose plot, fringed pool, fern grot. . . .*
*The veriest school of peace; and yet*
*The fool contends that God is not. . ."*
THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

The promise of last month has not been fulfilled. Bitter winds and cold sleet and rain have kept everything in the garden at a standstill, and there has been little or no growth anywhere in the past few weeks. Most of the gardener's April work is yet to do. But just lately the wind has been drying the waterlogged ground and rendered it fit for all the planting and sowing that must now be pushed forward, if the garden is to make its usual show this Summer. The young seedlings should quickly be hardened off now, first by opening the frames more and more, and finally by exposing them for a night or two in their pots in the open before bedding out. Even after that it is well to give some shade and protection till the young plants are firmly established. The frosts of May can do a great deal of damage.

THE PATH TO THE LAWN flanked with early Spring bulbs—narcissus and daffodil—in all their gracious beauty

The borders are really gay at last. Violas, forget-me-nots, arabis, aubretia, red and pink daisies (the darling little Dresden China, at its very best), grape hyacinths, pheasant-eye narcissus, wallflowers (of these Allionii lasts in bloom very much longer), polyanthus, the coloured primroses, and doronicums, make a blaze of colour against the soft green of the later and taller plants, and the lovely bronze of the Chinese peonies.

The rock garden has suffered badly from the damp cold of the past few weeks, but a little gentle stirring of the soil and some leaf-mould will encourage and hasten the growth. To ensure good bloom on gentiana acaulis, give it a dressing of loam and bone meal. It likes lime and mortar rubble. It is amazing to watch the speed with which these Alpine plants respond to such kindly treatment. Primula Cashmeriana is in great beauty, with Androsace carnea, some of the saxifrages, and the tulips, kaufmanniana, and linifolia.

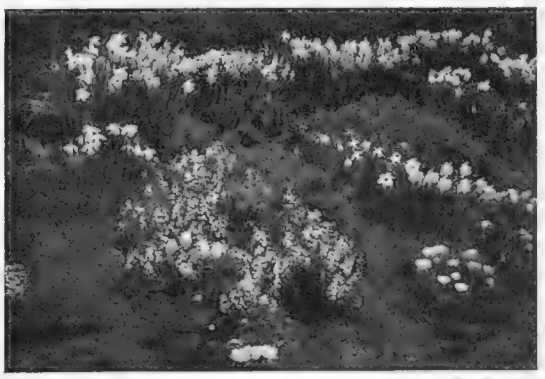
The patriotic gardener will devote special attention to his vegetable garden this year, and there is much to be done now. Brussels sprouts, savoys, and cabbage plants may still be put out for autumn consumption and, in a week or two, celery and leeks, where they are to grow. Maincrop potatoes are being sown now by the wise gardener whose ground had been too waterlogged for earlier planting. The Canadian dwarf runner bean often proves more tender and succulent than the scarlet-runner and, in any case, is an easily grown and prolific vegetable which should on no account be omitted. The first sowing may well have been made already; further sowings throughout the Summer will be found well worth while. Drills can be prepared for scarlet-runners; and a continued succession of sowings of French beans, peas, spinach, lettuce, turnips, and carrots is advisable. Sorrel may be added to the herb bed—the French kind is best. It is valuable for salads, soups, and sauces, and excellent as a separate dish or with spinach.

One more word about vegetables. Do not let them grow so large that they become flower show specimens. Eat them young. As Stevenson says, "the bean, that, gathered innocent and green, out-savours the belauded pea," is the one to provide for the epicure. The globe artichoke (cynara scolymus) is not nearly so much grown as it should be. It is a very handsome plant with its mauve heads of flowers and provides as well a delicious *entremets de légumes* for the table. It likes a deep, moist rich soil with wood ash, and grows like a weed near the sea.

The hot-bed will soon be empty, and an experiment might be tried of making it up again for the growth of melons. A very sheltered position is essential, and strong young plants should be got. The treatment is mainly the same as for cucumbers, but the melon needs more air, stronger light, and less water. Too luxuriant growth should be pinched off to ensure stronger plants. Tomato plants can be planted in the open towards the end of May in a sunny, sheltered spot in favourable weather.

The young grass will respond gratefully to a sprinkling of fertilizer in damp weather, and lawns will repay frequent rolling before the ground becomes too much dried up. Sweet peas are ready to plant out now, and must be carefully staked. The taller herbaceous plants also need support; sturdy stakes will soon be hidden by the growing foliage.

When the border daffodils have finished flowering it is a good plan to dig them up, and replant them in the gaps in the wild garden. It is best to do this while the daffodils in the grass are still showing, for it is difficult later on to remember where the spaces occur. The new bulbs can be planted in the borders in the Autumn.



A BANK OF SPRING FLOWERS: Daffodils, tulips, and aubretia in all their vernal profusion

The gaps in the border can be filled with some of the hardy annuals, among which the annual larkspur should not be forgotten.

The fruit blossom is late, like everything else this Spring; but the plum trees have their white robes, and pear and apple will quickly follow. The gourmet may save much luscious fruit if, armed with a badminton racket, he visits the perennial cornflower (centaurea montana), or cotoneaster, to slaughter the queen wasps always to be found in their neighbourhood.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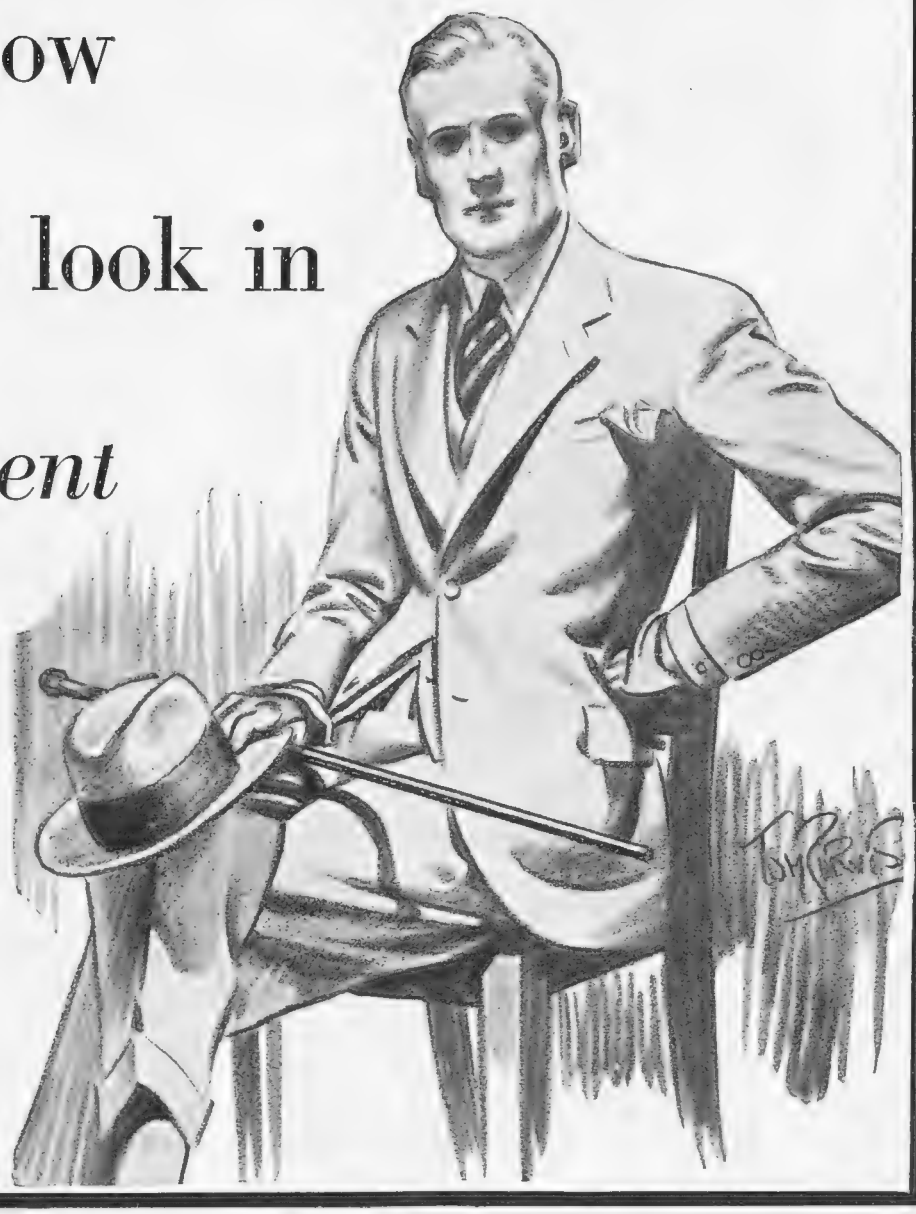

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P.542a

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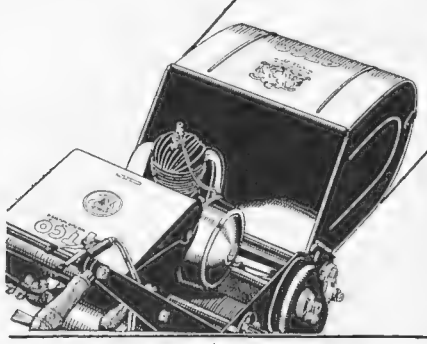

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# CONTINUATIONS

## BOOKS

*(Continued from p. 188)*

Mr. Richard Aldington undoubtedly hates life and he returns to his usual habit of revealing the disagreeable qualities of men and women. There are five long stories in his book, *Soft Answers* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), and I cannot help feeling it is a pity that he cannot find a few pleasant characters in the world. I stoutly deny that we are a race of hypocrites, cynics, imposters, and sex-ridden maniacs. It seems lamentable that Mr. Aldington should restrict his talent by playing on one string. There are men who are unselfish, who reveal heroic qualities despite a drab exterior, and a greater art is required to create than to destroy, to make lovable than to deride.

All these stories are cleverly written, they have biting satire, a power to evoke the scene, but they are all destroyed by the author's incessant cynicism. All the characters seem to be drawn from that restricted and negligible circle which the author describes so well, "a young man who was 'serious.' He was rather dirty, read a great deal of foreign literature, had platonic leanings towards Communism, cultivated Style, and contributed to a very 'serious' review which was eagerly read by its contributors." I feel this circle has dominated Mr. Aldington too long, and it is time he emancipated himself into something free and generous and less "serious."

There is a note of New World courage and hopefulness in the story of America in the pre-Revolution days which Miss Merle Colby has given us in *All Ye People* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). We follow the career of a young man, John Bray, an itinerant preacher who went westwards to Ohio around 1810. The religious fanaticism which is at the base of the American pastoral character, is revealed in this book in all its early force, and the story presents a most vivid reconstruction of the hard pioneer life of those times when religion was almost the only form of emotional expression. The vastness of the scene, the crude enterprise, the dangers, the lyric rapture of simple natures fighting a brave battle for mere existence, are all admirably expressed in this story.

Those who like a thoroughly sentimental story, which has a *Christy's Old Organ* flavour, although in this case the theme is that of the old violinist who devoted himself to the budding genius of his son, *au* Mozart *père*, will enjoy *Old Barty* by Cecil Hunt (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.). In these cynical days it is almost an act of bravery to write a story so abashless in its sentiment and pathos. The school of Little Nell is not quite dead, thank heaven.

Which reminds me that the black and white cottages are still standing at Tong, in Shropshire, the village in whose churchyard the original of Little Nell was buried. A photograph of these cottages forms one of some fifty excellent illustrations to Mr. Beresford Chancellor's pocket-sized guide *Dickens and His Times* (Richards. 2s. 6d.), which is a miracle in cheapness considering its excellent text and most interesting photographs.

## JACQUES BONHOMME SPLIT INTO THIRTY PARTS

*(Continued from p. 175)*

But the country may be frightened to wear it there, before the menace of another flight from the franc. Such is the issue at this election and I cannot see that its raising bodes well for any land. Here you have a majority of the people perhaps very ready to give a rest to a team which has attended at the removal of several of France's friends, parted company with the country's savings, and which displays towards the morrow, in finance and economics, little save a vague optimism, no precision. But supposing this team *were* given a rest? Might not the franc follow it *en villégiature?*

In conclusion, I think it is true to say that for the first time in an election since the War, France is definitely looking away from the battlefield and into the future. There is no suggestion of the personal 1928 affair just of pro- or anti-Poincaré, though perhaps André Tardieu, with his American attempt to hustle the electorate, his super-banqueting, his gramophoning, his whirlwind activity sought to repeat that phenomenon. The French public is deeply disturbed by its own doubt as to whether its representatives are up to tackling the greatest crisis of the Third Republic. Never before has an incoming Government had to face a (steeply mounting) deficit of £70,000,000, chronic unemployment, an ever-rising cost of living, great monetary stringency, the ceiling reached in taxation, as good as a foreign boycott of French trade, and France hemmed in by the rest of the world (save her paid vassals) at Geneva.

## GOLF AT TORQUAY

The Small-Course Invitation Professional Golf Championship is an event which is played off annually on the small course situated in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, for prizes amounting to £300, donated by Mr. G. W. Hands, the proprietor of the hotel.

Play in the 72-hole medal competition took place on Wednesday and Thursday last week, the following players competing: George Buckle, H. C. Jolly, C. E. Hobley, Alex Herd, E. R. Whitcombe, Leslie Cotton, W. H. Davies, W. J. Branch, C. A. Whitcombe (holder), George Duncan, Ted Ray, Harry Vardon, A. Matthews, S. A. Easterbrook, Bert Hodson, T. G. Renouf, Tom R. Fernie, A. G. Havers, Tom Green, Hugh Roberts, Tom Barber, H. Bowers, A. R. Bradbeer, Guss Faulkner, H. A. Richards, A. J. Lacy, H. C. Kind, Jas. Bradbeer, A. F. Kettley, A. H. Padgham, W. Fletcher.

At the end of the first day's play (36 holes) Tom Green, the Midland Professional Champion, led the field at a score of 100 (51–49), eight under threes.

For sheer consistency the round of A. Matthews of Walmley, and late Welsh Champion, was outstanding, his score of 54 for 18 holes consisting of an unbroken procession of threes. The final scores for the 72 holes were: W. T. Branch (the winner) 205, T. G. Renouf, C. A. Whitcombe, and A. C. Kinch, each a score of 208. Re-play resulted in T. G. Renouf being placed second, C. A. Whitcombe third, and A. C. Kinch fourth.

The event was greatly enjoyed by a large number of guests staying at the hotel.

**THE GOLF COURSE at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, where the Small Course Professional Championship, reviewed on this page, was played**

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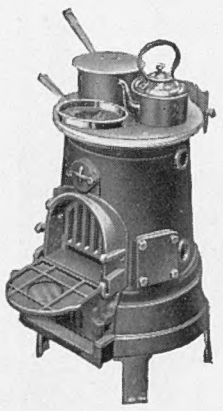

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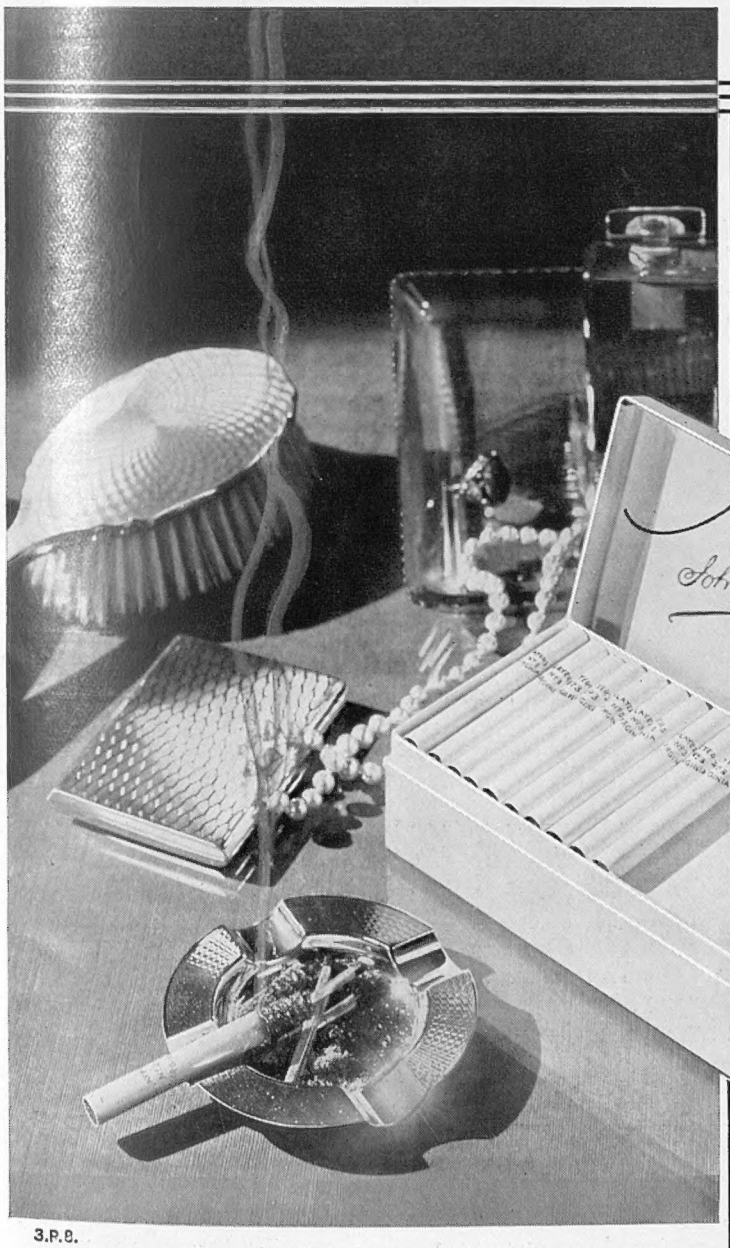

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# NOTES and NEWS

## FRIENDS OF THE POOR

H.R.H. the Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone have promised to be present at the annual ball which the Marchioness of Carisbrooke is organizing for the Friends of the Poor on May 3. Viscount Clifden, who is lending his house at 37, Grosvenor Square, is taking a personal interest in the ball. There will be dancing to Pilbeam's Band from 10 to 3. The tickets for the ball cost £2 2s. each, or family tickets, six for £10 10s. (to include buffet and champagne supper), and they may be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1.

## SPA TREATMENT

In this country the growing recognition of the value of spa treatment is causing doctors to take opportunities of visiting our own and foreign spas to study the cures and to compare methods and practices adopted and the amenities offered to visitors.

British doctors are being invited to join a party of medical men who will leave this country in September next for a tour, about a fortnight in duration, to spas and other resorts in the Italian Alps, on the Lakes, on the Genoese Riviera, etc. The group will be in charge of an English-speaking Italian doctor. There will be no night travel in Italy, and a special train composed of first-class coaches will be used throughout. Each doctor will have the option of taking his wife, son, or daughter. Special railway tickets will be provided so that, at the conclusion of the tour, members will be at liberty to visit other parts of Italy.

The tour will be noteworthy in three particulars: the unique beauty of the country toured, the very small "busman's holiday" factor, and the remarkable comfort and great efficiency with which it is being organized.

The British representative of the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), Major W. Stormont, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W., will gladly provide details of the arrangements.

## A CHEERFUL NOTE

A bright and cheerful note has been struck in the Canadian Pacific programme of holiday tours and cruises for the coming season. The central feature of the brochure is a fine map of the world showing the routes of the various tours and cruises, which are illustrated in greater detail in a lively and entertaining glossary which surrounds the map. The programme is embellished with a picturesque "cavalcade" of the peoples of the world in national costume. The cruises, which range from a short cruise for £3 to a luxury world cruise of 36,000 miles, will be undertaken by some well-known ships of the vast Canadian Pacific fleet. Thus the *Empress of Australia*, a magnificent vessel of 22,000 tons, will, in July, make two cruises to Norway and the Mediterranean; the *Duchess of Richmond* will proceed to Santander on a special August Bank Holiday cruise; the comfortable and roomy *Montrose*, *Montclare*, and *Montcalm* will make several cruises of nine days during June, July, and August to the Mediterranean, fares for which range from £10 upwards; and for thirteen days from £12; the *Melita*, a favourite cabin-class vessel, will cruise in July and August to Norway and the Mediterranean, while the sumptuous *Empress of Britain* will, in November next, engage on a grand world cruise of some five months' duration. Particulars are also given of a tour across Canada to the Pacific Coast, and a number of inexpensive short tours at reduced inclusive fares visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, and New York. Copies of the programme may be obtained free on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1.

**IN HONOUR OF A WOMAN MAYOR: A gilder of china with fifty years of service behind him at work in the Worcester Royal Porcelain Co. Ltd.'s factory from which an 800-piece lily pattern set was presented to the city in commemoration of Worcester's first woman Mayor, Miss Diana Ogilvy**

**AT OLYMPIA: An example of modern rock garden construction by Mr. Gavin Jones of Letchworth, a notable exponent of this type of horticultural design**

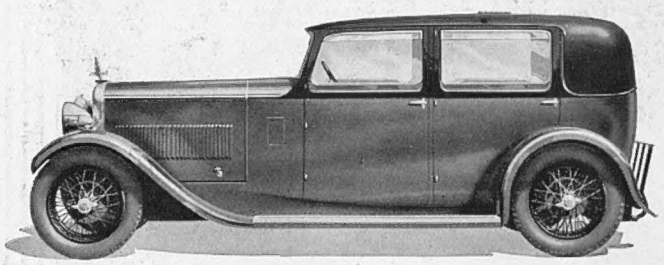
## ERRATUM

In THE SPHERE of April 16, it was stated, owing to inaccurate information received, that the Mayor of Worcester, Miss Diana Ogilvy, had been presented by the townsfolk with a set of Worcester china. This is incorrect. The statement should have read that the entire set of 800 pieces in the famous lily pattern, as chosen by George III when he visited the predecessors in title of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Co., Ltd., in 1788, was presented by the chairman of the company, Mr. H. T. Robinson, to the Mayor as a present to Worcester. The gift was made to commemorate Miss Ogilvy's election as the city's first woman Mayor since its incorporation over five centuries ago.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The eighty-ninth annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Thursday afternoon, June 2, at three o'clock. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will present the prizes given by H.M. the Queen. The children will give musical selections, rhythmic dances, and a gymnastic display. Tickets for a few reserved seats, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.


ALVIS



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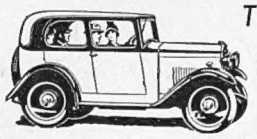

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" I once saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. ' Cuties ' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has ' nothing on ' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now ' red-hot Mommas '), Anthony Comstocks, ' leg-shows,' Salvation Army shelters, ballrooms of the ' Four Hundred,' ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demi-mondaines, and ' three-quarter virgins.'

And I have paid the price—oh, my God ! how have I not paid !

I enter the wickedly snug bachelor quarters of the little wild-eyed man who is perhaps the world's first dramatic critic. . . ."

**In " CUPID, ' CUTIES ' AND CUTICLE ! " by Shaw Desmond.**

" A white rat ; that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class ; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in any one of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright. . ."

**In "THE WHITE RAT," by Geoffrey Moss.**

" The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers, but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two ' big ' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time : ' Hell Divers ' and ' Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally ' fall for ' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about : men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor. . ."

**In " THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.**

## GIVEN AWAY with this issue

*This fine signed Portrait of* CLARK GABLE

## *There are these, too, in . . .*

" ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN "
*by C. Fox Smith*
" HANDCUFFS " *by Louis Kaye*
" AMONG THE MORMONS IN SALT LAKE CITY," *by Harold J. Shepstone*
" NIGHT LIFE AT THE ZOO "
*by E. G. Boulenger*
" BIG BUSINESS," *by Gordon Beckles*
" EIGHT YEAR LIMIT "
*by Mollie Panter Downes*
" QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO "
*by F. Matania, R.I.*
" OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE "
*by Hannen Swaffer*
BOOKS : *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
" RED SUNSET LAND "
*by Beatrice Grimshaw*
" A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY "
*by Winifred Lewis*
" THE CONVERSION OF GENISTA "
*by Owen Archer*
" NOW LOOK AT SWEDEN "
WHAT TO WEAR IN THE MORNINGS
A CHOICE OF AFTERNOON COSTUMES
SMART FASHIONS FOR THE BEACH
" A NEO-VICTORIAN FLAT "
*by Antonia White*
A SUMMER DRESS AND COAT
" MODERN PATCHWORK "
*by Olive Rinder*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
" THOSE CHILDISH COMPLAINTS "
*by Peggy Winefred Yeomans*
" ENTERTAINING IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER " *by A. H. Adair*

# THE MAY BRITANNIA AND EVE

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.
*April* 30, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.